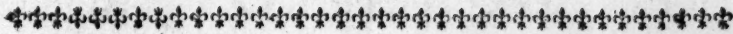


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A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

V O L. III.



COLLECTION OF POEMS.

VOLUME III

A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



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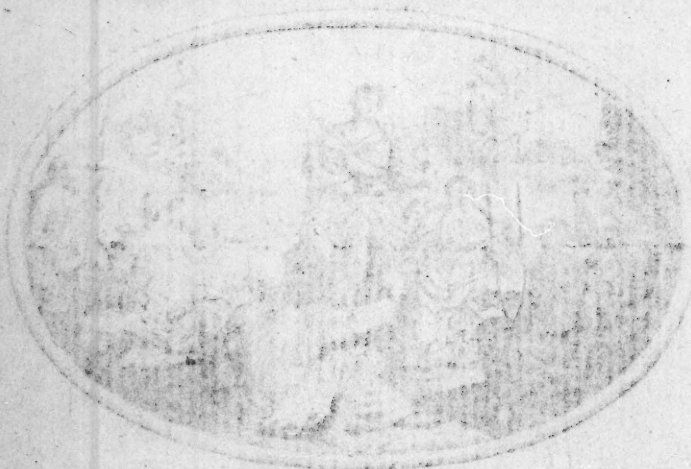


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L O N D O N :
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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS:
A N E L E G Y.

*Quod tibi vitæ fors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.*

BUCH.

THE balmy Zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
Now thro' the bloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the North,
The wood glows yellow by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Aman murmuring thro' the willows strays.

VOL. III.

B

But

But ah ! what means this silence in the grove,
 Where oft the wild-notes sooth'd the love-sick boy ?
 Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of Love,
 The songs of Love, of Innocence, and Joy ?

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
 The sportive virgins tread the flowery green ;
 And by the moon, full oft in chearful May,
 The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these Nymphs that thro' the copse appear
 In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue ?
 Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
 And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
 Appears the Lady of th' ærial train,
 Tall as the sylvan Goddess of the bow,
 And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
 Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains, wept,
 And with fair Iphis by the hallowed strand
 Of Siloe's brook a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
 'Tis Mary's Guardian Genius lost in woe :
 " Ah say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
 " To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow !

" Oh

- " Oh stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
" Your solemn rites ; here comes no foot profane :
" The Muses' son, and hallowed is his eye,
" Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.
- " See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies ;
" Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these !
" Ye Nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,
" Oh say, what music will her soul appease !"
- " Resound the solemn dirge, the Nymphs reply,
" And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower,
" Let Grief indulge her grand sublimity,
" And Melancholy wake her melting power :
- " For Art has triumph'd ; Art, that never stood
" On Honour's side, or generous transport knew,
" Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
" And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting dew.
- " But come, ye Nymphs, ye woodland Spirits, come,
" And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,
" While in this hallowed grove we raise the tomb,
" And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.
- " O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
" Her's every charm, and every liveliest grace ;
" When Nature's happiest touch could add no more,
" Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

“ O ! whether by the moss grown bushy dell,
“ Where from the oak depends the mistletoe,
“ Where creeping ivy shades the Druid’s cell,
“ Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow ;

“ Or whether sportive o’er the cowslip beds,
“ You thro’ the haunted dales of Mona glide,
“ Or brush the upland lea, when Cynthia sheds
“ Her silvery light on Snowdon’s hoary side :

“ Hither, ye gentle Guardians of the Fair,
“ By Virtue’s tears, by weeping Beauty, come ;
“ Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
“ And wave the cypress bough at Mary’s tomb.

“ And come, ye fleet Magicians of the air,
“ The mournful Lady of the chorus cry’d,
“ Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
“ And thro’ this grove bid Mary’s fortunes glide :

“ And let the song with solemn harping join’d,
“ And wailing notes unfold the tale of woe.”
She spoke, and waking thro’ the breathing wind
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began : “ How bright her early morn !
“ What lasting joys her smiling fate portends !
“ To wield the awful British scepters born,
“ And Gaul’s young heir her bridal-bed ascends.

“ See

" See, round her bed, light-floating on the air
 " The little Loves their purple wings display
 " When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
 " Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

" Far with the Loves each blissful omen speeds,
 " Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan ;
 " The bridal bed the fable hearse succeeds,
 " And struggling Factions shake her native throne.

" No more a Goddess in the swimming dance
 " Mayst thou, O Queen, thy lovely form display ;
 " No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
 " Nor in Versailles' proud bowers outshine the day.

" A nation stern and stubborn to command,
 " And now convuls'd with Faction's fiercest rage,
 " Commits its scepter to thy gentle hand,
 " And asks a bridle from thy tender age.

" Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
 " Far from her hearth was seen to speed away ;
 " Strait dark-brow'd Factions entering in destroy
 " The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

" No more by moon-shine to the nuptial bower
 " Her Francis comes, by Love's soft fetters led ;
 " Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,
 " Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed,

" Ah ! draw the veil," shrill trembles thro' the air :

The veil was drawn, but darker scenes arose,
Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her Evil Angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended Prudence fled ;
Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears
Instead of crooks the Grampian shepherds wield ;
Fanatic rage the plowman's visage wears,
And red with slaughter lies the harvest-field.

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous Queen all tears is seen to fly ;
Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne,
Her woes the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the vision shifts the fatal scene ;
Again forlorn from rebel arms she flies,
And unsuspecting on a sister Queen
The lovely injur'd fugitive relies.

When Wisdom baffled owns th' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free :
Some friend appears, and breaks Affliction's chain,
But ah, no generous friend appears for thee !

A prison's

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
 Deform'd the airy scenery as it past;
 The haunt where listless Melancholy dwells,
 Where every genial feeling shrinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend * !

“ Ah cease to tell it in the female ear !

A woman's stern command ! a proffer'd friend !

“ Oh generous passion, peace, forbear, forbear !

“ And could, oh Tudor, could thy breast retain

“ No softening thought of what thy woes had been,

“ When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain

“ Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant Queen ?

“ And could no pang from tender memory wake,

“ And feel those woes that once had been thine own ;

“ No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,

“ For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne ?

“ Alas ! no pleading pang thy memory knew,

“ Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had flow'd ;

“ Dark politics alone engag'd thy view ;

“ With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.

“ And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command ?

“ Did Honour wave his banner o'er the deed ?

“ No ;—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,

“ And ever o'er her woes shall Pity bleed.

“ The babe that prattled on his nurse’s knee,
“ When first thy woeful captive hours began,
“ Ere heaven, oh hapless Mary, set thee free,
“ That babe to battle march’d in arms a man.”

An awful pause ensues—With speaking eyes,
And hands half rais’d, the guardian Wood Nymphs wait,
While flow and sad the airy scenes arise,
Stain’d with the last deep woes of Mary’s fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the ax, the block its shoulders rears,
And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
And Mary’s maids, a mournful train, pass by;
Languid they walk, and listless hang the head,
And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the Queen,
She smiles on heaven, and bows the injur’d head:
The ax is lifted—from the deathful scene
The Guardians turn’d, and all the picture fled:

It fled: the Wood Nymphs o’er the distant lawn,
As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
So when the huntsman hears the rustling fawn,
He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The

The soveraign Dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
 As Cuma's maid when by the God inspir'd;
 " The depths of ages to my sight unfold,"
 She cries, " and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

" On Tudor's throne her Sons shall ever reign,
 " Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
 " With soveraign pride, where ever roars the main,
 " Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

" Nor in their Britain shall they reign alone,
 " Age after age through lengthening time shall see
 " Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
 " And Goths and Vandals bend to them the knee.

" But Tudor as a fruitless gourd shall die;
 " I see her death-scene—On the lowly flore
 " Dreary she sits, cold Grief has glass'd her eye,
 " And Anguish gnaws her till she breathes no more.

But hark—loud howling thro' the midnight gloom,
 Faction is rous'd, and sends her baleful yell!

Oh save, ye generous few, your Mary's tomb,
 Oh save her ashes from the blasting spell:

" And see where Time with brighten'd face serene,
 " Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky;
 " See Truth walk forth, majestic awful Queen,
 " And Party's blackening mists before her fly.

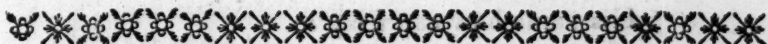
" Falshood

" Falshood unmask'd withdraws her ugly train,
" And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine—
" Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
" Of latest ages, injur'd Queen, are thine."

The milky splendors of the dawning ray
Now thro' the grove a trembling radiance shed,
With sprightly note the wood-lark hail'd the day,
And with the moonshine all the vision fled ^b.

^b The Author of this little Poem to the memory of an unhappy Princess is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration: The Letters, which have been always esteemed as the principal proof of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged: Buchanan, on whose authority Thuanus and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed: And, to add no more; The treatment she received from her illustrious Cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian, which trampled on the obligations of Honour, of Humanity, and Morality. From whence it may be inferred, That, to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary which History must ever inspire, and to drop a tear on her sufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cause of Virtue.

HENGIST



HENGIST AND MEY: A BALLAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONCUBINE.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

IN antient days, when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer !
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court,
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move :
Yet at the evening hour of prayer
Her mind was lost in love.

The Abbess saw, the Abbess knew,
And urg'd her to explain ;
" O name the gentle youth to me,
" And his consent I'll gain."

Long

Long urg'd, long vext, fair Mey reply'd,

“ His name how can I say ?

“ An angel from the fields above

“ Has rapt my heart away.

“ But once, alas, and never more,

“ His lovely form I spied,

“ One evening by the founding shore,

“ All by the greenwood side :

“ His eyes to mine the love confest,

“ That glow'd with mildest grace :

“ His courtly mien and purple vest

“ Bespoke his princely race.

“ But when he heard my brother's horn

“ Fast to his ships he fled :

“ Yet while I sleep his graceful form

“ Still hovers round my bed.

“ Sometimes all clad in armour bright,

“ He shakes a warlike lance ;

“ And now in courtly garments dight,

“ He leads the sprightly dance,

“ His hair is black as raven's wing,

“ His skin as Christmas snow,

“ His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,

“ His lips like rose-buds glow.

“ His

“ His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap’d
“ By Nature’s finest hand ;
“ His sparkling eyes declare him born
“ To love and to command.”

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan’d
Her hopeless pining love :
But when the balmy Spring return’d,
And Summer cloath’d the grove ;

All round by pleasant Humber side
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer’s castle gates
The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush’d the morn when Mey look’d o’er
The castle-wall so sheen ;
And, lo, the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa’s eldest son,
Lean’d on his burnish’d lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obey’d his manly glance.

His locks as black as raven’s wing
Adown his shoulders flow’d,
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow’d,

And

And soon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes :
He gives the sign, his bands retire,
While big with love he sighs,

“ Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the seas,
“ And come with peace or war;
“ Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
“ Relieve thy Lover's care!

“ For thee I'll quit my father's throne,
“ With thee the wilds explore ;
“ Or with thee share the British crown,
“ With thee the Cross adore.”

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows :
So blushing thro' the dews of morn
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail,
That Elmer heard king Arthur's horn
Shrill sounding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes
Like April dew drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright
That veil'd her snowy breast,
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
Have fixt on Elmer's vest.

Now with five-hundred bow-men true
He's march'd across the plain,
Till with his gallant yeomandrie
He join'd king Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts and clang of arms
The distant valleys fill.

Old Ofa, drest in Odin's garb,
Assum'd the hoary god ;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain ;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew
Like lightning o'er the field ;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The

The flighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire,
And all his martial heat before
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's steed
With furious force he prest,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head, slow dropt his spear,
The reins slipt through his hand,
And stain'd with blood, his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

"O bear me off," Sir Elmer cried,
"Before my painful fight
The combat swims—Yet Hengift's vest
"I claim as victor's right."

Brave Hengift's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled.
The bow-men to his castle gates
The bold Sir Elmer led.

"Oh

" Oh wash my wounds, my sister dear,
" O pull this Saxon dart,
" That whizzing from young Hengist's arm
" Has almost pierc'd my heart.

" Yet in my hall his vest shall hang,
" And Britons yet unborn
" Shall with the trophies of to-day
" Their solemn feasts adorn.

All-trembling Mey beheld the vest ;
" Oh, Merlin," loud she cried,
" Thy words are true—my slaughter'd Love
" Shall have a breathless bride !

" Oh, Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
" That low my Hengist lies !
" O, Hengist, cruel was thine arm ;
" My brother bleeds and dies !"

She spake—the roses left her cheek,
And Life's warm spirits fled :
So nipt by Winter's lingering blasts,
The Snowdrop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes ;
" Return, my Hengist, oh return,
" My slaughter'd love !" she cries.

“ Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,

“ With all his grace he moves :

“ I come—I come, where bow nor spear

“ Shall more disturb our loves.”—

She spake—she died, The Saxon dart

Was drawn from Elmer's side ;

And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,

And thrice he groan'd, and died.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross

O'er shades an aged thorn,

Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse

Were by the spearmen borne.

And there all clad in robes of white,

With many a sigh and tear,

The village maids to Hengist's grave

Did Mey's fair body bear.

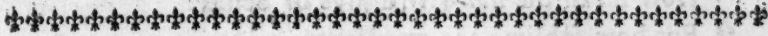
And there at dawn and fall of day,

All from the neighbouring groves,

The Turtles wail in widow'd notes,

And sing their hapless loves.

KNOW.



KNOWLEDGE: AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

Ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum. OVID.

HIGH on a hill's green bosom laid,
At ease my careless Fancy stray'd,
And o'er the landskip ran ;
Review'd what scenes the seasons show,
And weigh'd what share of joy and woe
Is doom'd to toiling Man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat,
The oxen low beneath my feet
Along the clover'd dale ;
The golden sheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whistles near behind,
And breaks the new-mown vale.

“ Hail, Knowledge, gift of heaven ! I cried ;
“ E'en all the gifts of heaven beside,
“ Compar'd to thee, how low !
“ The blessings of the earth and air
“ The beasts of fold and forest share,
“ But godlike Beings KNOW.

C 2

“ How

" How mean the short-liv'd joys of Sense !

" But how sublime the excellence

" Of Wisdom's sacred lore !

" In Death's deep shades what nations lie !

" Yet still can Wisdom's piercing eye

" Their mighty deeds explore.

" She sees the little Spartan band,

" With great Leonidas, withstand

" The Asian world in arms ;

" She hears the heavenly sounds that hung

" On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,

" And glows at Tully's charms.

" The wonders of the spacious sky

" She penetrates with Newton's eye,

" And marks the planets roll ;

" The human mind with Locke she scans ;

" With Cambray Virtue's flame she fans,

" And lifts to heaven the soul.

" How matter takes ten thousand forms

" Of metals, plants, of men and worms,

" She joys to trace with Boyle :

" This life she deems an infant state,

" A gleam that bodes a light complete,

" When done the mortal toil.

" What

" What numerous ills in life befall !
" Yet Wisdom learns to scorn them all,
" And arms the breast with steel :
" E'en Death's pale face no horror wears ;
" But, ah, what horrid pangs and fears
" Unknowing wretches feel !

" That breast excels proud Ophir's mines,
" And fairer than the morning shines,
" Where Wisdom's treasures glow ;
" But, ah, how void yon peasant's mind !
" His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd !
" Nor cares he more to know.

" The last two tenants of the ground,
" Of antient times his history bound :
" Alas, it scarce goes higher.
" In vain to him is Maro's strain,
" And Shakespeare's magic powers in vain,
" In vain is Milton's fire.

" Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,
" Can give his soul the grand delight
" To trace almighty power :
" His team think just as much as he
" Of Nature's vast variety
" In animal and flower."

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
 Accosts mine ear ; I look'd around,
 And, lo, an antient Sage,
 Hard by an ivied oak, stood near,
 That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
 Had been his hermitage.

His mantle grey flow'd loose behind,
 His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,
 And added solemn grace ;
 His broad bald front gave dignity,
 Attention mark'd his lively eye,
 And peace smil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand,
 My ear was all at his command ;
 And thus the Sage began :
 " Godlike it is to know, I own,
 " But, oh, how little can be known
 " By poor short-fighted man !

" Go mark the Schools, where letter'd Pride,
 " And star-crown'd Science, boastful guide,
 " Display their fairest light :
 " There led by some pale meteor's ray,
 " That leaves them oft, the Sages stray,
 " And grope in endless night.

“ Of Wisdom proud, yon Sage exclaims,
“ Virtue and Vice are merely names,
“ And changing every hour ;
“ Ashley, how loud in Virtue's praise !
“ Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays
“ And strips her of her dower.

“ Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns ;
“ Hobbes smiles on Vice, Descartes maintains :
“ A godless passive cause ;
“ See, Bayle, oft flily shifting round,
“ Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
“ And wrest th' eternal laws.

“ And what the joy this lore bestows ?
“ Alas, no joy, no hope it knows
“ Above what Brutes may claim :
“ To quench our noblest native fire,
“ That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
“ Is all its hope, its aim.

“ Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
“ Where Ignorance her tents hath plac'd,
“ More dismal scene display :
“ A scene, where Virtue sickening dies,
“ Where Vice to dark extinction flies,
“ And scorns the future day.

" Wisdom you boast to you is given :
" At night then mark the fires of heaven,
" And let thy mind explore ;
" Swift as the lightning let it fly
" From star to star, from sky to sky,
" Still, still are millions more.

" Th' immense ideas strike the soul
" With pleasing horror, and controul
" Thy Wisdom's empty boast.
" What are they ?—Thou canst never say ;
" Then silent adoration pay,
" And be in wonder lost.

" Say, how the self-same roots produce
" The wholesome food, and poisonous juice,
" And adders balsams yield :
" How fierce the lurking tyger glares,
" How mild the heifer with thee shares
" The labours of the field ?

" Why growling to his den retires
" The fullen pard, while joy inspires
" Yon happy sportive lambs ?
" Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray,
" Now, weary of their gambling play,
" All fingle out their dams.

" Inflect

" Instinct directs—But what is That?

" Fond man, thou never canst say What:

" Far short thy searches fall.

" By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,

" The useful arts of men increase,

" But this at once is all.

" A trunk first floats along the deep,

" Long ages still improve the ship,

" Till she commands the shore:

" But never bird improv'd her nest,

" Each all at once of powers possess,

" Which ne'er can rise to more.

" That down the steep the waters flow,

" That weight descends we see, and know;

" But why, can ne'er explain.

" Then humbly weighing Nature's laws,

" To God's high will ascribe the cause,

" And own thy wisdom vain.

" For still the more thou knowest, the more

" Shalt thou the vanity deplore

" Of all thy soul can find:

" This life a sickly woful dream,

" A burial of the soul will seem,

" A palsy of the mind.

" Tho'

“ Tho’ Knowledge scorns the peasant’s fear,
“ Alas, it points the secret spear
“ Of many a nameless woe :
“ Thy delicacy dips the dart
“ In rankling gall, and gives a smart
“ Beyond what he can know.

“ How happy then the simple mind
“ Of yon unknowing labouring hind,
“ Where all is smiling peace !
“ No thoughts of more exalted joy
“ His present bliss one hour destroy,
“ Nor rob one moment’s ease.

“ The stings neglected Merit feels,
“ The pangs the virtuous soul conceals,
“ When crush’d by wayward fate ;
“ These are not found below his roof,
“ Against them all securely proof,
“ Heaven guards his humble state.

“ Knowledge or wealth to few are given ;
“ But, mark how just the ways of heaven !
“ True joy to all is free :
“ Nor Wealth nor Knowledge grant the boon,
“ ’Tis thine, O Virtue, thine alone,
“ It all belongs to thee,

“ With

" With thee—how blest the Shepherd lives !

" Gay is his morn, his evening gives

" Content and sweet repose.

" Without thee—ever, ever cloy'd,

" To sage, or chief, one weary void

" Is all that life bestows.

" Then wouldst thou, Mortal, rise divine ?

" Let innocence of soul be thine,

" With active goodness join'd :

" Thy heart shall then confess thee blest,

" And, ever lively, joyful taste

" The pleasures of the mind."

So spake the Sage : my heart reply'd,

" How poor, how blind is human pride !

" All joy how false and vain,

" But that from Conscious Worth which flows,

" Which triumphs in the midst of woes,

" And boasts an endless reign."

POLLIO:

POLLIO: AN ELEGIAC ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR R—— CASTLE, 1762.

BY THE SAME.

*Hæc Jovem sentire, Deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.*

HOR.

THE peaceful Evening breathes her balmy store.
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green ;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray ;
This is the hour, when, to the wise and good,
The heavenly Maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently waving boughs among,
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

* It has been often said, that Fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it is a circumstance against him. The following Ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

How

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears !
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers ;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale ;
Dark Solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains ;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets : still its towery head
A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So,

So, midst the snow of Age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends ;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Tho', trembling o'er the feeble crutch, he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led ;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight !
Now lost to them ! and, ah how chang'd to me !

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my POLLIO bring ;
So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of Spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd ;

So fair a blossom gentle POLLIO wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind ;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd :

Him,

Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
 Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied ;
 The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
 In all her charms ; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys !
 Big with the scenes now past my heart o'erflows,
 Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
 And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
 Along the woodland have I roam'd with Thee ;
 Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
 When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
 Has oft been conscious of those happy hours ;
 But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
 And fainted well have lost their cheering powers.

For Thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh where,
 Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind !
 My tenderest wish, my heart to Thee was bare,
 Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind !

How dreary is the gulph, how dark, how void,
 The trackless shores that never were repast !
 Dread separation ! on the depth untry'd
 Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes;
 And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
 Still shine the *lifeless* glories of the skies,
 And could thy bright, thy *living* soul expire?

Far be the thought—The pleasures most sublime,
 The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
 The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,
 Chill'd in this vale of Death, but languish here,

So plant the vine on Norway's wintery land,
 The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:
 Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
 With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
 With patience waits the rosy opening day;
 The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
 With chearful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on Life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
 In mental vision view the happy shore,
 Where POLLIO beckons to the peaceful coast,
 Where Fate and Death divide the friends no more.

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
 Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
 Would tell the awful secrets of the Dead,
 And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
 Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
 Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
 And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
 Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;
 Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
 And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
 In antient days, the holy Seers retir'd,
 And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
 While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd Creation bright before them rose,
 The burning desarts smil'd as Eden's plains,
 One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
 The flowery mountain sung, " Messiah reigns !"

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
 Yet, let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
 Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
 What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
 And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
 While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
 And sooths me wandering o'er my kindred bones,

(1834)

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All Nature smiling, and by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.



E P I G R A M

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE NOTE ON THE
FOLLOWING LINES OF POPE.

*" Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel
" Ten Metropolitans in preaching well."*

BY THE REV. MR. HENLEY.

WHILE Wisdom shines with light divine,
Whate'er SCURRILITY may say,
Good FOSTER's name shall ne'er decline:
Then cease, vain cur, the Moon to bay.

THE

T H E S H A F T.

BY THE SAME.

BY the side of the stream that strays thro' the grove,
I met, in a ramble, the blithe God of Love;
His bow o'er his shoulder was carelessly ty'd,
His quiver in negligence clank'd at his side;
A handful of arrows he held to my view,
Each wing'd with a feather of different hue.

" This, fledg'd from the eagle, he smiling begun,
" I aim at the heart that no dangers will shun;
" And this from the peacock, all gaudy array'd,
" The breast of Sir Fopling is sure to invade.
" When I aim at the prattler, who talks void of wit,
" My shaft in the plume of a parrot will hit;
" And when I've a mind that the jealous should smart,
" I pierce with an owl-feather'd arrow his heart.
" For the youth, in whom truth and fondness reside,
" From the breast of a dove my dart is supply'd:
" This I value the most:—'twas this that I found
" From you, O my Delia, that gave me the wound."



I R I S T O P H I L U S .

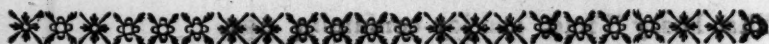
BY THE SAME.

IF slighted Iris can your pity move ;
 If slighted Iris can recall your love ;
 If e'er with joy you heard her softest vow,
 Renew the dear idea, hear her now.
 You once was faithful, oh the tender bliss !
 The sweet endearment, and the thrilling kiss !
 These witness'd once, when I, for ever true,
 Plighted my heart, a prey to love and you ;
 And you, untainted by the vice of art,
 Yielded to me, in solemn faith, your heart.
 Oh say the cause, the cause I long to find,
 You dear deceitful man, why now unkind ?
 Hath Iris for her Philus now no charms ?
 For him no pleasures in her vacant arms ?
 Methinks I see, while torture wounds my rest,
 Methinks I see you clasping to your breast
 Some rosy blooming maid, whose beating veins
 Throb with soft tumults, with extatic pains,
 While on her cheeks the deepening blushes rise,
 And melting raptures sparkle in her eyes.

Such

Such were the joys, when I, incautious maid,
 Too fondly trusting, was by you betray'd.
 Such were the joys, oh, call the scene to mind !
 When Iris yielding, all her soul resign'd.
 Ah ! then you swore (the accents now I hear,
 Your turtles, constant, coo them to my ear)
 That hoary Time, and joy-consuming Age,
 The ardors of your flame should ne'er assuage.
 But tho' unchang'd by age, or hoary time,
 You slight my ripen'd charms, my blushing prime.
 All fondness, once upon my breast you lay,
 And sweetly sigh'd the hasty hours away ;
 But, ah ! how chang'd my fate, forlorn I'm left,
 Of every kindly-soothing hope bereft !
 Whate'er was wont to court the roving eye,
 Now swells the tear, and heaves th' unbidden sigh ;
 Where'er I turn, all Nature's charms seem fled,
 The sun withdrawn, the sun-flower droops her head ;
 Robb'd of the prop, where once she fondly clung,
 The faded woodbine trails the earth along ;
 Unchang'd alone the mournful yew remains,
 And midst each varying blast its hue retains ;
 Its leaves unchang'd, my faithless swain reprove,
 But, ah ! they cannot teach him how to love !
 If e'er for her you felt the slightest care,
 Whose form, too often, you've pronounc'd most fair,
 Whene'er I die, and die, ah soon I must !
 Whene'er this body moulders into dust,

This only favour at your hands I crave,
 With mournful yews to shade my untimely grave :
 These mournful yews shall this memorial bear,
 Iris lov'd Philus, and she dy'd sincere.



L O V E E L E G Y.

BY THE SAME.

AH, cruel Delia ! must I still remain
 In anxious doubt ? will nought your pity move ?
 Must I still languish ? must I still complain ?
 Still are you deaf to every plea of love ?

A stranger to the odious wiles of art,
 The coxcomb's chatter, and the beau's grimace,
 I spoke the honest dictates of my heart,
 Nor mask'd deceit beneath the lover's face :

I never boasted heaps of treasur'd gold,
 No dirty acres ever were my theme,
 The sordid wretch beneath contempt I hold,
 Who dares with love such worthless trifles name.

And

And let the fair, whom glittering dust delights,
 In lieu of jointure, barter bliss and peace;
 Insipid pleasures waste her tedious nights,
 And jealous wranglings wear away her days.

Not such the hours, I hop'd, with you to share;
 Not thus to tread the vulgar path of life;
 Such base, such brutal joys can ne'er endear,
 Can ne'er insure the fond, the tender wife.

'Tis then, O then, we feel th' inraptur'd bliss,
 When lost in soft confusion, sweetly coy,
 Each virgin charm glows with the melting kiss,
 And Nature faints beneath th' excess of joy.

Tho' this would cloy, if pleasures more refin'd
 Forebore their influence o'er the breast to shed;
 Virtue alone secures the generous mind;
 She with fresh transport crowns the bridal bed.

If words can tell, let those whose hearts unite
 In virtuous love, absolv'd from all controul,
 Confess the pleasure, the sublime delight,
 Th' extatic sense of mingling soul with soul.

INSRIPTION UNDER THE SHADE OF A LADY,
GIVEN BY HER TO THE AUTHOR.

BY THE SAME.

INVENTIVE Love, parent of every art,
That courts the fancy, or that wins the heart,
By thee inspir'd, a Grecian dame of yore,
With tenderest arrow from thy sacred store,
Each pain to sooth, and joys o'erpast renew,
Her parting lover's shadowy semblance drew:
Hence sprung Design; and Paint its aid combin'd,
To inform the outline with the speaking mind.
But thou, blest maid, canst baffle all their boast,
Their powers would all, tho' REYNOLDS strove, be lost:
What stroke could make thy comely tresses flow
With native grace? What hue could teach to glow
Thy mild sweet blushes? or, attemper'd, break,
With purest white, their softening on thy cheek?
Aught less than power divine might hope in vain,
The dewy lustrings of thine eye to feign;
Or fix the timid swellings of that breast,
Which may, kind heaven, no care but Love's molest!

Each

Each charm shall Memory in this shade supply,
 Braid the soft hair, and languish in the eye,
 Bid the fair cheek bloom in its native hue,
 The dove-like bosom's gentlest swell renew ;
 Sweet Fancy every attitude restore,
 And give each varying grace to inchant the more.

T O C O L O N E L R—S.

BY S—. B—. E S Q.

ER E this can drown the tenderest husband's eyes,
 And rend the fondest lover's heart with sighs,
 No more shall those dear names my rapture move,
 Low in the grave, and deaf to thee and Love.
 Firm in thy country's cause, thy king's defence,
 When Honour call'd thy patriot virtues hence ;
 The slow disease which tainted then my blood,
 In vain by all the powers of art withstood,
 Aided by grief more deadly, creeps at length
 Thro' every vein, and undermines my strength.
 Already Death hath summon'd me away,
 And Love, fond Love, scarce gains an hour's delay.
 Yet without dread Death's awful call I hear,
 No dark presages chill my soul with fear,

No

No unrepented follies dread the grave,
 And one short moment more, with anguish crave,
 Prepar'd I'm call'd, from every terror free,
 Save that for ever I must part from thee.
 But when on thee my thoughts reflecting rove,
 And all the pleasures of our virtuous love;
 To think how blest we were, how soon must part,
 One deep-felt pang would pierce the dullest heart;
 To cast one longing, lingering look behind,
 Can be no guilty weakness of the mind;
 Methinks when heaven hath kindly blest us here,
 Fond Love, at parting, sheds a pious tear.
 Still with each comfort will I cheer my heart,
 Resign'd to God, tho' trembling to depart.
 Short is man's knowledge of a future state,
 Perplex'd with doubts, and ignorant of fate;
 This one important truth we only know.
 Bliss waits the good, the bad, eternal woe.
 But what those blessings, what those woes shall be,
 Thro' Life's dull casement since no eye can see,
 Let Fancy paint the raptures of the skies,
 And scenes of visionary transport rise.
 Still, as was ever here my fondest joy,
 Let me for thee my every care employ;
 Still let me serve, and tho' unseen, be near,
 Not life itself imparts a charm more dear.
 From every dangerous step those feet to guide,
 Which here to follow was my virtuous pride;

When

When wrath provokes, or fortune proves unkind,
 To lull the raging tumults of thy mind :
 The sweets around of balmy sleep to shed,
 When Sicknefs binds thee to her painful bed ;
 To guard thee safely thro' the dreadful day,
 When Slaughter stalks from rank to rank for prey ;
 Still from thy breast to avert the death-fraught ball,
 And bid th' uplifted weapon guiltless fall ;
 Still at thy side, as was my wish below,
 Your Guardian-angel wherefoe'er you go.
 With thoughts like these my drooping soul I warm,
 Plume every hope, and every fear disarm.
 But, ah ! to think what thy fond heart must feel,
 When first these lines the fatal news reveal,
 What pangs of grief will rend thy gentle breast,
 Sinks my sad soul, with pain and love oppress.
 But let me from the tender theme refrain,
 While every word but sharpens every pain ;
 For when the hand that wounds would heal the sore,
 The generous heart will only bleed the more.
 My latest breath for thee a prayer shall sigh,
 If not deserted by myself, I die.
 No more shall I thy much-lov'd face review ;
 Adieu, for ever, best of friends, adieu !

TO A LADY, WITH AN ETUI.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT Friendship gives, sweet girl, approve,
They well deserve, who well design ;
Then may this trifle speak his love,
Whose constant heart has long been thine.

Of't may each toy by you employ'd,
Revive his image in your heart—
Or if the tender pen you guide,
Or shape the lawn with nicest art ;

Or of its rough coat strip the pear,
Or pick your teeth, or sip your tea ;
Whate'er you do, where'er you are,
Think, dear Maria, think on me.

TO



T O T H E S A M E,

AFTER HAVING RECEIVED FROM HER, FOR A WATCH,
A HEART WROUGHT WITH HER OWN HAIR, AND
INCLUDING HER NAME, AFFECTEDLY INCLOSED IN
A NUMBER OF COVERS.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT tho' your art my hopes evade,
While many a tedious moment flies ;
My patient search is well repaid,
Not India's wealth so wish'd a prize.

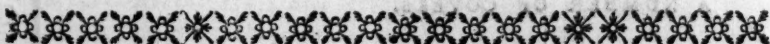
Tho' wanton Love the breast embroil
In many a wile, and care, and pain,
Who would not pleas'd pursue the toil,
A faithful heart at last to gain.

The trembling hopes, the anxious fears,
The pleasing pains which love inspires,
Each trouble past the bliss indears,
And helps to fan the guiltless fires.

Long

Long as the hand of this machine
Marks, as they pass, the fleeting hours;
As long as life itself is mine,
Engaging wit and beauty yours:

This well-wrought heart shall e'er retain
The name to love and friendship dear;
While in my own your charms remain
In glowing colours painted there.



T O T H E S A M E,

WITH SHENSTONE'S WORKS, AFTER HAVING VISITED
THE LEASOWES TOGETHER.

BY THE SAME.

TO speed the sad moments away,
Which by absence seem tedious and slow,
Attend, my dear girl, to the lay
That Love taught so sweetly to flow.

Thro' the regions of quiet and joy,
As led by the Muses you stray,
Oh, think that your Damon is by,
And that such are the words he would say.

Such

Such may be the words he might say,
 But what words can his passion impart ?
 Or how shall he form the soft lay,
 To express what he feels at his heart ?

Tho' thy voice, gentle shepherd, was clear,
 Tho' the bower of Contentment was thine,
 Yet thy shepherdess was not so fair,
 Yet thy love was not equal to mine.



T H E H E R M I T.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;
 'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain, reclin'd,
 An Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
 Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,
 He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.

" Ah, why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,
 " Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?
 " For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 " And thy bosom no trace of dejection retain ;

" Yet

- " Yet if pity inspire thee, ah, cease not thy lay,
" Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
" O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away,
" Full swiftly they pass, but they never return.
- " Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
" The moon, half extinct, her wan crescent displays:
" Yet lately I saw, where majestic on high,
" She shone, and the stars were conceal'd in her rays;
" Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
" The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
" But man's faded glory no change shall renew,
" Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain.
- " 'Tis dark, and the landscape is lovely no more,
" I mourn not, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
" For morn shall return, all your charms to restore,
" Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew;
" Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn,
" Kind Nature the embryo blossoms shall save;
" But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
" Oh, when shall it dawn on the gloom of the grave?"

DEATH:

DEATH: A POETICAL ESSAY.

BY DR. PORTEUS.

FIRST PRINTED AT CAMBRIDGE, 1759.

FRIEND to the wretch, whom every friend forsakes,
 I woo thee, Death! In Fancy's fairy paths
 Let the gay Songster rove, and gently trill
 The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
 I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,
 This solemn hour, when Silence rules the world,
 And wearied Nature makes a general pause!
 Wrapt in Night's sable robe, through cloysters, drear
 And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
 Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
 With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
 Of Death.—Deep in a murky cave's recess
 Lav'd by Oblivion's lifeless stream, and fenc'd
 By shelving rocks and intermingled horrors
 Of yew and cypress' shade from all intrusion
 Of busy noontide-beam, the Monarch sits
 In unsubstantial Majesty enthron'd.
 At his right hand, nearest himself in place
 And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
 With fatal industry and cruel care

VOL. III.

E

Buses

Buſies herſelf in pointing all his ſtings,
 And tipping every ſhaft with venom drawn
 From her infernal ſtore : around him rang'd
 In terrible array and ſtrange diverſity
 Of uncouth ſhapes, ſtand his dread Miniſters :
 Foremoſt Old Age, his natural ally
 And firmeſt friend : next him diſeaſes thick,
 A motley train ; Fever with cheek of fire ;
 Conſumption wan ; Palsy, half warm with life,
 And half a clay-cold lump ; joint-torturing Gout,
 And ever-gnawing Rheum ; Convulſion wild ;
 Swol'n Dropſy ; panting Aſthma ; Apoplex
 Full-gorg'd.—There too the Peſtilence that walks
 In darkneſs, and the Sickneſs that deſtroys
 At broad noon-day. Theſe and a thouſand more,
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait ; and, when
 By Heaven's command Death waves his ebony wand,
 Sudden ruſh forth to execute his purpoſe,
 And ſcatter deſolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom ſuch various forms
 Of Miſery wait, and mark their future prey !
 Ah ! why, All-Righteous Father, diſt thou make
 This Creature Man ? why wake th' unconſcious duſt
 To life and wretchedneſs ? O better far
 Still had he ſlept in uncreated night,
 If this the Lot of Being !—Was it for this
 Thy Breath divine kindled within his breaſt

The vital flame ? For this was thy fair image
 Stamp't on his soul in godlike lineaments ?
 For this dominion given him absolute
 O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign
 Supreme in woe ? From the blest source of Good
 Could Pain and Death proceed ? Could such foul Ills
 Fall from fair Mercy's hands ? Far be the thought,
 The impious thought ! God never made a Creature
 But what was good. He made a living Man :
 The Man of Death was made by Man himself.
 Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
 Fresh with immortal bloom ; No pain he knew,
 No fear of death, no check to his desires
 Save one command. That one command (which flood
 'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,)
 Urg'd on by wanton curiosity
 He broke.—There in one moment was undone
 The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand
 That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
 Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
 And Death and all the family of Pain
 To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
 The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
 Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
 Heaven's chearful face to low'r, then vapours choak'd
 The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
 To hide the willing Sun. The Earth convuls'd

With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop
 Of thorns and briars ; and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
 That wont before with admiration fond
 To gaze at Man, and fearless croud around him,
 Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
 Th' infection of his misery. He alone,
 Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
 Turn'd not away his face, he full of pity
 Forlook not in this uttermost distress
 His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
 (That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
 The countenance of God, and thro' the gloom
 Shot forth some kindly gleams, to chear and warm
 Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heaven
 Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
 A happier scene of things ; the Promis'd Seed
 Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest,
 Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave
 Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
 No more the limit but the gate of life.

Chear'd with the view, Man went to till the ground
 From whence he rose ; sentenc'd indeed to toil
 As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath
 So merciful is Heaven) this toil became
 The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
 Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
 Against disease and Death.—Death tho' denounc'd
 Was yet a distant Ill, by feeble arm

Of

Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
 Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
 Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes ;
 Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
 One solitary ghost went shivering down
 To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
 Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
 The venerable Patriarch guileless held
 The tenor of his way ; Labour prepar'd
 His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board.
 Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
 He sunk to sudden rest ; gentle and pure
 As breath of evening Zephyr and as sweet
 Were all his slumbers ; with the Sun he rose,
 Alert and vigorous as He, to run
 His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with Giant Strength
 He stem'd the tide of time, and flood the shock
 Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
 At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
 And looking round saw all the vallies fill'd
 With nations from his loins ; full-well content
 To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the Earth,
 Along the gentle slope of life's decline
 He bent his gradual way, till full of years
 He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man,
 So calm was life, so impotent was Death.
 O had he but preserv'd these few remains,

These shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
 Snatch'd by the hand of heaven from the sad wreck
 Of innocence primæval ; still had he liv'd
 Great ev'n in ruin ; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn ;
 Though mortal, yet not every where beset
 With Death in every shape ! But He, impatient
 To be compleatly wretched, hastes to fill up
 The measure of his woes. 'Twas Man himself
 Brought Death into the world, And Man himself
 Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
 And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, Eldest-Born of Hell, embu'd
 Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
 To make a Death which Nature never made,
 And God abhorr'd, with violence rude to break
 The thread of life ere half its length was run,
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.
 With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
 By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
 Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell
 To fate the lust of power ; more horrid still,
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
 Became its boast. — One Murder made a Villain,
 Millions a Hero. — Princes were privileg'd
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
 Ah ! why will Kings forget that they are Men ?
 And Men that they are brethren ? Why delight

In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties
 Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love ?
 Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
 Artificers of Death ! Still Monarchs dream
 Of universal Empire growing up
 From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
 Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine !

Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
 And the loud din of battle cease to roar ;
 Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
 Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
 Would Death be foil'd ? Would health, and strength, and
 youth

Defy his power ? Has he no arts in store,
 No other shafts save those of war ?—Alas !
 Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
 A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
 That serpent Luxury : War its thousands slays,
 Peace its ten thousands : In th' embattled plain
 Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
 Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
 So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
 Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
 Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
 Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,

He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest—But finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the Stripling darts
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and Fancy steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where Virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond Discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse; cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To Freedom's holy cause; than to fall
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Disease;

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers.—Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'rt rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair,
Yet

Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
 Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
 And ere thou plunge into the vast abyfs,
 Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
 Thy future mansion.—Why that start of horror?
 From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?
 Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
 The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him
 Rushes irreverent, unprepared, uncalled,
 Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
 With insolent disdain his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
 And think it all too short to wash away
 By penitential tears and deep contrition—
 The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
 Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
 Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
 His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
 With innocence to live, with patience wait
 Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
 Tho' Nature run her course; But Nature's God,
 If need require, by thousand various ways,
 Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
 And quench the lamp of life.—O when he comes,
 Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme
 To Heaven ascending from some guilty land
 Now ripe for vengeance, when he comes array'd
 In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;
 Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering Arm,

And

And on the miscreants pours destruction down !
 Who can abide his coming ? Who can bear
 His whole displeasure ? In no common form
 Death then appears, but starting into Size
 Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
 Th' astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws round
 Unutterable horror and dismay.

All Nature lends her aid. Each Element
 Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,
 The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
 Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
 And drown Creation, or in floods of fire
 Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
 An impious race,—Sometimes when all seems peace,
 Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
 Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
 Whelms the proud wooden world ; full many a youth
 Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
 On some sad desert shore !—At dead of night
 In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence :
 Contagion close behind taints all her steps
 With poisonous dew ; no smiting Hand is seen,
 No sound is heard ; but soon her secret path
 Is mark'd with desolation ; heaps on heaps
 Promiscuous drop : No friend, no refuge near ;
 All, all, is false and treacherous around,
 All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah ! what means that ruinous roar ? why fail
 These tottering feet ?—Earth to its centre feels

The

The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
 Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
 Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
 Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
 The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
 Of general devastation, millions find
 One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
 To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
 Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,
 If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
 Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heaven!
 O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
 This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
 So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
 If my own mother Earth from whence I sprung
 Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
 Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
 Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
 Almighty Father? Save, O save thy suppliant
 From horrors such as these!—At thy good time
 Let Death approach; I reckon not—let him but come
 In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
 Too much for Man to bear. O rather lend
 Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
 And at that hour when all aghast I stand,
 (A trembling Candidate for thy compassion,)
 On this World's brink, and look into the next;
 When my soul starting from the dark unknown
 Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings

To

To her frail prop, unwilling to be wretch'd
 From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
 And all the lovely relatives of life,
 Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
 The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark Crimes
 In all their hideous forms, then starting up,
 Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
 And stab my bleeding heart with two edg'd-torture,
 Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
 Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead,
 Let chearful Memory from her purest cells
 Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair
 Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
 With tenfold usury the pious care,
 And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
 Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly, Thou,
 Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven
 To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
 And, oh! still harder Lesson! how to die,
 Disdain not Thou to smoothe the restless bed
 Of Sicknefs and of Pain.—Forgive the tear
 That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
 Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
 Till my rapt Soul anticipating Heaven
 Bursts from the thralldom of incumbering clay,
 And on the wing of Extasy upborn
 Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

THE

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT:

AN POETICAL ESSAY.

BY DR. GLYNN.

TH Y justice, heavenly King ! and that great day,
 When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
 Shall raise her pensive head ; and Vice, that erst
 Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd,
 I sing adventurous.—But what eye can pierce
 The vast immeasurable realms of space
 O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
 To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits
 First-born of heaven, to judge assembled worlds,
 Cloath'd in celestial radiance ! Can the Muse,
 Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
 Soar to that bright empyreal, where around,
 Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
 Hymn Hallelujah's ; and in concert loud
 Chaunt songs of triumph to their Maker's praise ?—
 Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
 To tread poetic soil. What tho' the wiles
 Of Fancy me enchanted ne'er could lure
 To rove o'er fairy lands ; to swim the streams

That

That thro' her vallies weave their mazy way;
 Or climb her mountain tops ; yet will I raise
 My feeble voice to tell what harmony
 (Sweet as the music of the rolling spherés)
 Attunes the moral world : that Virtue still
 May hope her promis'd crown ; that Vice may dread
 Vengeance, tho' late ; that reasoning Pride may own
 Just tho' unsearchable the ways of heaven.

Sceptic ! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
 That divine particle, which God's own breath
 Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
 Annihilate, 'till Duration has unroll'd
 Her never-ending line ; tell, if thou know'st,
 Why every nation, every clime, tho' all
 In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
 With one consent expect another world,
 Where wickedness shall weep ? Why Paynim bards
 Fabled Elyfian plains, Tartarean lakes,
 Styx and Cocytus ? Tell, why Heli's sons
 Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
 Banquets, and blooming nymphs ? Or rather tell,
 Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
 Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
 Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
 Behind the cloud-topt hill ? why in each breast
 Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
 Informs, directs, encourages, forbids ?
 Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,

Or

Or joy on secret good ? Why conscience acts
 With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,
 Stands tottering on the precipice of Death ?
 Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
 Of dying sinners ; while the good man sleeps
 Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires ?

Look round the world, with what a partial hand
 The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd !
 Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
 Pale Virtue lies ! no arm supports her head,
 No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
 Nor soft-ey'd Pity drops a melting tear ;
 But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
 Insult the banish'd wanderer : on the goes
 Neglected and forlorn : Disease, and Cold,
 And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend :
 Yet patient, and to heaven's just will resign'd,
 She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bower,
 Where flush'd with all the insolence of wealth
 Sits pamper'd Vice ! For him th' Arabian gale
 Breathes forth delicious odours ! Gallia's hills
 For him pour nectar from the purple vine ;
 Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
 To heaven : of heaven he never names the name,
 Save when with imprecations dark and dire
 He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
 Sits on his rosy cheek ; yet Honour gilds

His

His high exploits; and downy pillow'd Sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st thou this, righteous Father! See'st thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in heaven on man's revolt
Convok'd the astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
Then shall th' assembled nations of the earth
From every quarter, at the judgment-seat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians, and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinefe and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide Terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
Whom distant ages to each other's sight
Had long denied; before the throne shall kneel
Some great progenitor, while at his side

Stands

Stands his descendant thro' a thousand lines.
 Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
 Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and scepter'd kings,
 With equal eye the God of all shall see ;
 And judge with equal love. What tho' the great
 With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
 Embalm'd his poor remains ; or thro' the dome
 A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
 While solemn organs to his parting soul
 Chaunted slow orisons ? Say, by what mark
 Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
 Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf
 Long lay neglected ?—All at once shall rise ;
 But not to equal glory : for, alas !
 With howlings dire and execrations loud
 Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
 Behold the mighty murderers of mankind ;
 They who in sport whole kingdoms slew ; or they
 Who to the tottering pinnacle of power
 Waded thro' seas of blood ! How will they curse
 The madness of ambition ; how lament
 Their dear-bought laurels ; when the widow'd wife
 And childless mother at the judgment-seat
 Plead trumpet-tongu'd against them !—Here are they
 Who sunk an aged father to the grave :
 Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain
 Slighted a brother's sufferings :—Here are they
 Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd ;

Who from the infant virgin tore her dower,
 And eat the orphan's bread :—who spent their store
 In selfish luxury ; or o'er their gold
 Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap. —
 Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed ; —
 Who mix'd the poisonous bowl ; —or broke the ties
 Of hospitable friendship : —and the wretch
 Whose listless soul sick with the cares of life
 Unsummon'd to the presence of his God
 Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
 Once more to visit earth ; and, tho' oppress'd
 With all that Pain and Famine can inflict,
 Pant up the hill of life ? Vain wish ! the Judge
 Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
 Perpetual punishment, Seek not to know
 What punishment ! for that th' Almighty Will
 Has hid from mortal eyes : and shall vain man
 With curious search refin'd presume to pry
 Into thy secrets, Father ! No : let him
 With humble patience all thy works adore,
 And walk in all thy paths : so shall his meed
 Be great in heaven, so haply shall he 'scape
 The immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who bound in ten-fold chains
 Stand horribly aghast ? This is the crew
 Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
 And in the place of heaven's Eternal King
 Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain

Alternate

Alternate seasons chear'd the rolling year ;
 In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flower
 Shed genial influence, mild ; and the pale moon
 Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
 The vile blasphemer, he, whose impious wit
 Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
 And 'gainst the impenetrable walls of heaven
 Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
 The arch Apostate : he with many a wile
 Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas !
 No hope have they from black despair, no ray
 Shines thro' the gloom to chear their sinking souls :
 In agonies of grief they curse the hour
 When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd : but on the right
 A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
 The banner of Jehovah, and defy'd
 Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
 At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barbarous climes
 Diffus'd the gospel's light ; some, long immur'd
 (Sad servitude !) in chains and dungeons pin'd ;
 Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
 Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
 Whom heaven elected to that glorious strife !——
 Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
 Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head ;
 And on the labours of a future race
 Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these

Good SEATON ! whose well-judg'd benevolence
 Fostering fair Genius bad the Poet's hand
 Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine,
 Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
 Here is that favourite band, whom mercy mild,
 God's best lov'd attribute, adorn'd ; whose gate
 Stood ever open to the stranger's call ;
 Who fed the hungry, to the thirsty lip
 Reach'd out the friendly cup ; whose care benign
 From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side ;
 Who heard the widow's tender tale ; and shook
 The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet ;
 Who each endearing tye, each office knew
 Of meek-cy'd heaven-descended Charity.—
 O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair !
 Sweeter than those whom antient Poets bound
 In amity's indissoluble chain,
 The Graces ! How shall I essay to paint
 Thy charms, celestial maid ; and in rude verse
 Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal ?
 For thee nor rankling envy can infect,
 Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride
 Puff up with vain conceit ; ne'er didst thou smile
 To see the sinner as a verdant tree
 Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream ;
 While like some blasted trunk the righteous fall,
 Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
 When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,

And

And this great day is come ; thou by the throne
 Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid,
 Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
 And thro' the adamantine gates of heaven
 Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulph
 And dark abyss where Sin and Satan reign !

But, can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
 Tell how that restless element of fire
 Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
 And deluge all creation ? Whether (so
 Some think) the comet, as thro' fields of air
 Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
 Thwarting th' Ecliptic where th' unconscious earth
 Rolls in her wonted course ; whether the sun
 With force centripetal into his orb
 Attract her long reluctant ; or the caves,
 Those dread Vulcanos where engendering lye
 Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss
 Pour streams of liquid fire ; while from above,
 As erst on Sodom, heaven's avenging hand
 Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the works
 Of art, the toil of ages ? Where are now
 Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
 Trophies and pillars ? — Where is Egypt's boast,
 Those lofty pyramids, which high in air
 Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
 Of Memphian pride a lasting monument ?—
 Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers ?—Where Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals ?—Tell me where
 Stood sea-girt Albion ?—Where imperial Rome
 Propt by seven hills sat like a sceptred Queen,
 And aw'd the tributary world to peace ?—
 Shew me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,
 Thro' many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
 Rais'd by that mighty monarch, to repel
 The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
 'Gainst Pekin's towers he bent th'unerring bow.

But what is mimic Art ? Even Nature's works,
 Seas, meadows, pastures, the meandering streams,
 And everlasting hills shall be no more.
 No more shall Teneriff cloud-piercing height
 O'er-hang th' Atlantic Surge.—Nor that fam'd cliff,
 Thro' which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
 Throw to the Lemnian Isle its evening shade
 O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
 The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
 And from the Black Sea to the Ocean stream
 Stretch'd their extended arms ?—Where's Ararat,
 That hill on which the faithful Patriarch's Ark
 Which seven long months had voyaged o'er its top
 First rested, when the Earth with all her sons,
 As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
 Was whelm'd by mighty waters ?—All at once
 Are vanish'd and dissolv'd ; no trace remains,
 No mark of vain distinction : heaven itself
 That azure vault with all those radiant orbs

Sinks

Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—

No more shall planets round their central sun
Move in harmonious dance ; no more the moon
Hang out her silver lamp ; and those fix'd stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their names
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench ; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from heaven the mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell ? for as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Thro' night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here I sit
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the faltering strain.—O ! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour ;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator !

“ Power supreme !

“ O Everlasting King ! to thee I kneel,
“ To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
“ Melt all ye elements ? And thou, high heaven,
“ Shrink, like a shrivell'd scroll ? But think, O Lord,
“ Think on the best, the noblest of thy works ;
“ Think on thine own bright Image ! Think on him,
“ Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath ;
“ And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man !”



T O A L A D Y

GOING TO BATHE IN THE SEA.

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

VENUS, most histories agree,
 Sprung from the ferment of the sea;
 Yet I confess I'm always loth
 To think such beauty was but froth,
 Or that the ocean, which more odd is,
 Should from a bubble spawn a Goddess:
 Tho' hence, my Laura, learned fellows
 Of such its wonderous powers still tell us,
 That every mother brings her daughter
 To dip in this specific water,
 Expecting from the briny wave
 Charms which it once to Venus gave.

These charms, my Laura, strive to gain;
 And that you may not bathe in vain,
 I'll here, as well as I am able,
 Give you a Moral to this Fable.

Would you a Goddess reign o'er all?
 From the wide flood its virtues call.

Free from each stain thy bosom keep,
 Clear be it as this azure deep,
 Which no capricious passion knows,
 But duly ebbs, and duly flows;
 Tho' sometimes ruffled, calm'd as soon,
 Still constant to its faithful moon,
 At whose approach with pride it swells,
 And to each shore its chaste love tells:
 Heedless of every change of weather,
 That wafts a straw, or coxcomb feather,
 Which only on the surface play,
 And unobserv'd are wash'd away.

Reflect, that lodg'd within its breast
 The modest pearl delights to rest,
 While every gem to Neptune known,
 Is there with partial bounty sown. —
 In years, thus ever may we trace
 Each sparkling charm, each blushing grace;
 To these let judgment value give,
 And in that seat of Beauty live!

This Moral keep before your eyes,
 Plunge — and a new-born Venus rise.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

TO THE PLAY OF KING JOHN,

ACTED AT MR. NEWCOMB'S, AT HACKNEY,

IN MARCH MDCCLXIX.

BY THE SAME.

THE Bard whose scenes this night your thoughts
engage,
Has somewhere told us, *All the world's a stage,*
Where all in one great farce their talents try,
Are born, love, wed, grow covetous,—and die.
From hence I think we fairly may infer,
That NATURE is, or should be *manager*;
And yet in NATURE's spite, we every day
Cast our own parts ourselves, and spoil her play;
Some vain conceit disturbs her sober plan,
And ART debauches that strange creature, man:
Hence, ere Life's *curtain drops*, this truth is plain,
That few, the characters they take, sustain.
See, CATO-like, in Freedom's boasted cause
The maddening PATRIOT raves of dying Laws;
With ready lash pursues the venal tribe:
But what's the sequel?—*Exit with a bribe.*—

Not

Not less a Player the METHODIST appears :
 In some hir'd barn his casual stage he rears ;
 Prophane, loquacious, insolent, and loud,
 The grave *Jack-Pudding* of a sniveling crowd,
 Who promis'd heaven in change for pence receive ;
 For those who teach *to die*, know how *to live*.

The PRUDE austere, who shuns each forward spark,
 Meets less reserv'd her footman in the dark ;
 The gay COQUET, the COXCOMB, and the WIT,
 Across Life's stage like airy phantoms flit,
 Applause nor pity sure their parts command :
 The mark of scorn let *Affectation* stand !

If, then, the *finis'd* man can sometimes err,
 And make mistakes on the World's Theatre,
 Desert himself, as various passions call,
 And prove at last no character at all ;
 We ask your candour, if in us appears
 Th' *imperfect* growth of unexperienc'd years ;
 Tho' buds, yet Learning like the sun has power
 To rear the stem, and paint the future flower !
 If JOHN should not each stroke of guilt impart,
 Nor CONSTANCE triumph o'er the feeling heart,
 Think, in Life's happy morn we cannot know
 The sad extent of baseness or of woe !
 Boys as we are, to us each scene is new,
 If sometimes wrong, e'en there we copy *you* :
 To bold attempts be then indulgence shewn,
 And learn to pity faults so like your own.

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E

TO THE SAME PLAY.

SPOKEN BY CONSTANCE.

BY THE SAME.

SPITE of court tricks, of sorrow, madness, pain,
I've brush'd thro' all, and am myself again. —

O Ladies ! what cannot our sex perform ? —

A bustling woman lives thro' every storm.

Have I not dash'd my character with spirit ?

To bully *two such Kings* was no small merit.

Around the world to find the wretch I'd search,

Who dares to leave a woman in the lurch. —

My son the dupe of regal baseness made,

Myself amus'd by hopes, cajol'd, betray'd,

My jointure lost, a widow, and not young,

I had no weapon left me but my tongue —

Should any Fair be here whose nerves are weak,

Who when man blusters, is afraid to speak,

Whose gentle bosom no resentment fires,

But with her *eau de luce* in hand, expires,

She'll think, no doubt, my voice too loudly thunders ;

Trust me, this female instrument does wonders.

Those

Those, who turn o'er the page of ancient story,
 Must own the tongue was ever Woman's glory. —
 Who has not heard of fam'd XANTIPPE's lute?
 'That play'd her philosophic husband mute:
 Or her, whose artful notes so well could slander
 Her rival, and subdue great ALEXANDER? —
 What gifts of speech had EGYPT'S QUEEN to boast,
 Who talk'd till ANTONY *the world well lost!*
 Think of the Maid of ORLEANS, JOAN of ARC,
 There was an enterprizing, female spark!
 Whole armies she harangued, whole hosts withstood;
 Her tongue was surely more than flesh and blood!
 Tho' last, not least shall BESS of ENGLAND stand,
 Who box'd her courtiers with her own fair hand,
 To female rules profess'd a brave dislike,
 Her majesty could swear as well as strike.

Ladies! might I advise, let's urge our power,
 Dethrone usurping man, and take him lower;
 He'd only have us learn the gentle arts
 Of studying graces, and subduing hearts;
 These are but schemes to trifle Life away,
 Our nobler aim is ——— UNIVERSAL SWAY.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION IN AN ARBOUR.

— PROCUL ESTE PROFANI ! —

MARK, mortals ! mark with awe profound
What solemn stillness reigns around ;

Know then, tho' strange it may appear,
Spirits—why start ?—inhabit here.

Whene'er we leave the circled green,

We Fairies chuse this shady scene ;

Tho' mortal hands have form'd these bowers,

Yet is the sweet retirement ours.

For here, when as the pallid moon

“ Riding near her highest noon,”

Edging the clouds with silver white,

Darts thro' these shades a checquer'd light,

Here, when we cease our airy sport,

We range our bands and fix our court.

My royal throne, exalted high,

Unseen by feeble, mortal eye,

Tho' spangled with ten thousand dews,

Tho' colour'd with ten thousand hues,

(Approach not with unhallow'd hands)

Beneath yon tall Laburnum stands.

Then

Then enter here with guiltless mind,
 Spurn each vile passion far behind.
 Hence Envy with her pining train,
 And venal love of sordid gain;
 Hence Malice, rankling at the heart,
 And dire Revenge with poison'd dart;
 Hence Lust with sly uneasy mien,
 That thro' the twilight creeps unseen;
 Hence Vice; avoid this arching grove,
 Pollution follows where you move;
 Hence; nor near the spot be found,
 "Hence! avaunt!—'tis holy ground!"

OBERON.



ODE TO THE NEW YEAR, 1769,

BY MR. PETER CUNNINGHAME.

AQUARIUS rules the frozen skies,
 Deep frowning clouds on clouds arise,
 Fraught with the thunder's roar;
 With fury heaves the raging main,
 When foaming billows lash in vain
 The hoarse-resounding shore.

No

No flowery vale now charms the eye,
 No tuneful warblers of the sky
 Now cheer the lingering hours ;
 No genial ray the groves illumine,
 No zephyrs waft their mild perfume
 From sighs o'er vernal flowers.

Tho' blooming scenes are now no more,
 That aid the raptur'd soul to soar,
 Poetic thoughts refine ;
 Yet still the moralizing page
 To warn an unattentive age,
 These hoary scenes combine.

With this I hail the opening year,
 Address the God, whose works appear
 Through each harmonious round ;
 Who rules, serenely rules the storm,
 Who gave the lurid lightnings form,
 Whose thunders rock the ground.

O Thou ! alike where perfect day,
 In bright refulgent glories play,
 Around thy awful throne !
 When seraphs glow with sacred fires,
 When angels tune celestial lyres,
 To hymn thy praise alone !

Still may thy providential care
With blessings crown the rising year!

Impending ills restrain!
Thy wisdom guide my youthful Muse!
Thy sacred eloquence diffuse,
And consecrate my strain!

While thus revolving seasons roll,
Obsequious to thy wise controul,
Obedient to thy plan;
With silent eloquence they preach,
The most important lessons teach,
To cold unthinking man.

Behold thyself reflected here!
The Spring proclaims thine infant year,
Gay life the Summer's bloom;
Mild Autumn speaks maturer age,
Confirms thee Fool, or hails thee Sage,
While Winter shews the tomb.

Or view the image of thy soul,
As now the mountain surges roll,
In wild tumultuous roar;
Fit emblem of the wrathful mind,
To Anger's tyrant sway consign'd,
Where reason rules no more:

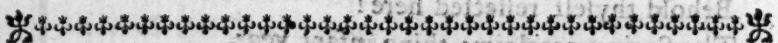
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G

Unlike

Unlike its placid form, serene,
 When Zephyr breathing o'er the scene,
 Sheds balmy peace around;
 Bless'd emblem of the conquering soul,
 Whose every passion knows controul,
 While conscious joys abound!

That this may prove my bounteous share,
 Ascends my ever-constant prayer,
 To thee, all-perfect Mind;
 O aid me in the arduous strife,
 Through each perplexing maze of life,
 To all thy ways resign'd!



THE CONTENTED PHILOSOPHER.

BY THE SAME.

DE E P silence reign'd, and dewy Night
 Her silver vestment wore;
 The western gale breath'd calm delight,
 And busy day was o'er.

To hail Reflection's hour I rose,
 Each throbbing care at rest;
 For sacred peace in mild repose,
 Had lull'd my anxious breast.

The

The breezy mount, the misty vale,
 Alternately I stray'd ;
 The Gothic spire, the lonely cell,
 My wandering eye survey'd :

'Till, where the trembling beams of night
 O'er limpid currents play'd,
 Meandering—fix'd my roving sight
 On deep Retirement's shade.

The unambitious dome conceal'd,
 Fear'd no intrusive foes ;
 From deep-embowering trees reveal'd
 The seat of calm repose.

'Twas Sophron's grove, an aged sire,
 Who vers'd in Wisdom's lore,
 Now tun'd his consecrated lyre,
 To close the silent hour.

The hallowed strain inflam'd my breast,
 I gain'd the rustic cell ;
 The courteous father blest'd his guest,
 Then gave th' instructive tale.

“ How false the aim of erring life !
 How fruitless the employ !
 That treads the pompous maze of strife,
 In quest of solid joy !

The plummy tribes unceasing roam,
 Each verdant bough survey ;
 But fix at last their leafy home,
 Where Silence woos their stay :

Where no alarming hinds invade,
 No fear their peace destroys,
 Remote in the sequester'd shade,
 They rear their callow joys .

Thus restless Nature loves to range,
 Thro' life's gay scenes to rove ;
 'Till Reason prompts the happier change,
 To Contemplation's grove !

When Fortune smil'd, when Pleasure woo'd,
 How indolently gay !
 Life's transitory stream I view'd
 Unheeded waste away.

The gay delusive dream once o'er,
 Calm Reason's thoughts arise ;
 Obey'd the monitorial power,
 That whisper'd, " Now be wise."

This silent grove my search survey'd,
 Where Peace displays her charms,
 How free Contentment's humble shade
 From Fortune's wild alarms.

Now

Now free from each fantastic strife,
Untroubled and serene,
I wait the closing hour of life,
To leave its empty scene.

For tides of bliss that boundless roll,
Around th' eternal throne,
Shall waft the persevering soul
To joys, on earth unknown."

But lo! the fading stars declare,
The eastern herald blows,
"The hour of rosy morn is near,
"And Nature claims repose."

I sigh'd, and thought it soon to part
From Wisdom's ivy'd cell,
How ill my sympathizing heart
Could bid the Sage—"Farewell."

For wealth, be smiling Peace my share!
With Friendship's generous love;
And lost to each ambitious care,
Be mine the flowery grove!

There studious thought would wear the day,
In each instructive page;
Or happier, speed the hours away,
In converse with the Sage.

Taught by the awful voice of Truth,
 Life's fyren snares to fly,
 By Reason's card conduct my youth,
 And like my Sophron die !



I L B E L L I C O S O .

M D C C X L I V .

BY MR. MASON.

HENCE, dull lethargic Peace,
 Born in some hoary Beadsman's cell obscure ;
 Or in Circæan bower,
 Where Manhood dies, and Reason's vigils cease ;
 Hie to congenial climes,
 Where some seraglio's downy tyrant reigns ;
 Or where Italian swains,
 Midst wavy shades, and myrtle-blooming bowers,
 Lull their ambrosial hours,
 And deck with languid trills their tinkling rhymes.
 But rouse, thou God by Furies drest,
 In helm with Terror's plumed crest,
 In adamantine steel bedight,
 Glistening formidably bright,
 With step unfix'd and aspect wild ;
 Jealous Juno's raging child,
 Who thee conceiv'd in Flora's bower,
 By touch of rare Olenian flower :

Oft the goddess sigh'd in vain,
 Envyng Jove's prolific brain,
 And oft she stray'd Olympus round,
 Till this specific help she found;
 Then fruitful grown, she quits the skies,
 To Thracia's sanguine plain she hies,
 There teems thee forth, of nervous mold,
 Haughty, furious, swift and bold,
 Names thee Mars, and bids thee call
 The world from Pleasure's flowery thrall.
 Come then, Genius of the war,
 Roll me in thy iron car;
 And while thy courfers pierce the sky,
 Breathing fury as they fly,
 Let Courage hurry swift before,
 All stain'd around with purple gore,
 And Victory follow close behind,
 With wreath of palm and laurel join'd,
 While high above, fair Fame assumes
 Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.
 Then let the trumpet swell the note,
 Roaring rough thro' brazen throat;
 Let the drum sonorous beat,
 With thick vibrations hoarsely sweet;
 Boxen hautboys too be found,
 Nor be miss'd the fife's shrill sound;
 Nor yet the bagpipe's swelling strain,
 Solace sweet to Highland swain,

Whether on some mountain's brow,
 Now squeaking high, now droning low,
 He plays deft lilt to Scottish lads,
 Tripping it o'er the pliant grass,
 Or whether in the battle's fray,
 He lively pipes a bolder lay;
 The bolder lay (such magic reigns
 In all its moving Phrygian strains)
 Disperses swift to all the train,
 Fury stern, and pale Disdain
 Strikes every fire from every mind,
 Nor leaves one latent spark behind.
 Bear me now to tented ground,
 Where gaudy streamers wave around,
 Where Britain's ensigns high display'd,
 Lend the earth a scarlet shade;
 And pikes, and spears, and lances gay,
 Glitter in the solar ray;
 Here I'll join the hardy crowd,
 As they sport in gamesome mood,
 Wrestling on the circled ground,
 Wreathing limbs with limbs around,
 Or as they pitch the massy bar,
 Or teach the disk to whizz in air;
 And when night returns, regale
 With chat full blunt, and chirping ale;
 While some voice of manly bace
 Sings my darling Chevy-Chace;

How

How the child that's yet unborn
 May rue earl Percy's hound and horn;
 How Witherington in doleful dumps,
 Fought right valiant on his stumps;
 And many a knight and 'squire full gay
 At morn, at night were clad in clay;
 While first and last we join and sing,
 " God prosper long our noble king !"
 And when Midnight spreads around
 Her sable vestments on the ground,
 Hence I'll, for a studious seat,
 To some strong citadel retreat,
 By ditch and rampart high ypent,
 And battery strong and battlement !
 There, in some state-room richly dight
 With mailly coats and faulchions bright,
 Emblazon'd shields of quaint impress,
 And a whole army's glittering dress,
 While the taper burneth blue,
 (As Brutus erst was wont to do)
 Let me turn the ample page
 Of some grave historic Sage;
 Or in Homer's sacred song,
 Mix the Grecian bards among;
 Nestor wise with silver'd head,
 And Ajax stern, and Diomed,
 And many more, whose wonderous might
 Could equal e'en the gods in fight ;

Or

Or list to Virgil's epic lyre,
 Or lofty Lucan wrapp'd in fire;
 But rather far let Shakespeare's Muse
 Her genuine British fires diffuse;
 And briskly with her magic strain
 Hurry me to Gallic plain,
 Just when each patriot Talbot bleeds,
 Or when heaven-prosper'd Harry leads
 His troops with seven-fold courage steel'd,
 To Agincourt's immortal field.
 But when th' imbattled troops advance,
 O Mars, my every thought intrance!
 Guide me, thundering martial god,
 Guide thro' Glory's arduous road!
 While hailing bullets round me fly,
 And human thunders shake the sky,
 While crowds of heroes heap the ground,
 And dying groans are heard around,
 With armour clanking, clarions founding,
 Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding;
 Guide me, thundering, martial god,
 Guide thro' Glory's arduous road!
 But should on land thy triumphs cease,
 Still lead me far from hated Peace;
 Me bear, dread Power, for warlike sport,
 To some wave-incircled fort;
 Or (if it yield more open fight)
 To some hoar promontory's height,

Whose

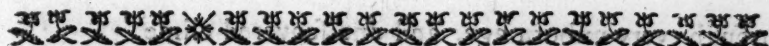
Whose high-arch'd brow o'erlooks the scene,
 Where Tritons blue and Naiads green,
 Sportive from their coral cave,
 Through the fluid chrystal lave ;
 There eagerly I ken from far
 All the waste of naval War,
 And catch a sympathetic rage,
 While the numerous fleets engage,
 And every distant shore rebounds
 To the cannons rattling sounds,
 And the sulphurous fire-ship rends,
 And thousand fates around her sends,
 And limbs dissever'd hurl'd on high,
 Smoke amid th' affrighted sky.
 Then let black clouds above my head,
 With gleams of scarlet thick bespread,
 With lightning's flash and thunder's growl,
 Suit the spleen that shades my soul.
 There too let cranes, a numerous flight,
 With beaks and claws rage bloody flight,
 And airy knights from every cloud
 Prick forth, their armour rattling loud ;
 With blazing swords and comets drear,
 Dragging a trail of flaming hair ;
 Such as diffus'd their baneful gleam
 Over besieg'd Jerusalem,
 Or hung o'er Rome ere Julius fell,
 And if old Sages rightly spell,
 Were ever deemed to foreshow
 Changes in our realms below.

And

And when at length cold creeping Age
 Freezes the torrent of my rage,
 Let me live amongst a crew
 Of invalids, of kindred hue !
 Of some main limb bereft by War,
 Or blest with some deep glorious scar ;
 Scar, that endless glory draws
 From Liberty and Albion's cause :
 Then oft well pleas'd with them retire
 To circle round a sea-coal fire,
 And all our past campaigns recite,
 Of Vigo's sack and Blenheim's fight ;
 How valiant Rooke majestic trod,
 How Marlbro' thunder'd ; half a god !
 And then, with sage prophetic eye,
 In future battles to descry,
 That Britain shall not fail to yield
 Equal generals for the field ;
 That France again shall pour her blood,
 And Danube roll a purpled flood.

And when my children round me throng,
 The same grand theme shall grace my tongue ;
 To teach them, should fair England need
 Their blood, 'tis theirs to wish to bleed ;
 And, as I speak, to mark with joy
 New courage start in every boy ;
 And gladsome read in all their eyes,
 Each will a future hero rise.
 These delights if Mars afford,
 Mars, with thee I whet my sword.

ODE



O D E

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE AUGUSTUS
HENRY FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON,
CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

JULY I, MDCCLXIX.

BY MR. GRAY.

A I R.

“ **H**ENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
“ Comus, and his midnight-crew,
“ And Ignorance with looks profound,
“ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
“ Mad Sedition's cry profane,
“ Servitude that hugs her chain,
“ Nor in these consecrated bowers
“ Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.

C H O R U S.

“ Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
“ Dare the Muse's walk to slain,
“ While bright-ey'd Science watches round :
“ Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !”

R E C I T A T I V E.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :
There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to shine

Through

Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they, *(accomp.)*
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul
 First the genuine ardor stole.
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

A I R

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
 "That Contemplation loves,
 "Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
 "Oft at the blush of dawn
 "I trod your level lawn,
 "Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
 "In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 "With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and flow,
 High Potentates and Dames of royal birth
 And mitred Fathers in long order go:
 Great Edward ^d with the lillies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon, * on her bridal morn

^d Edward III. gave the old foundation of Trinity College.

That

That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare ^f,
 And Anjou's Heroine ^g, and the paler Rose ^h,
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes,
 And either Henry there,
 The murder'd Saint ⁱ, and the majestic Lord ^k
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er, *(accomp.)*
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies.

Q U A R T E T T O.

" What is Grandeur, what is Power?
 " Heavier toil, superior pain.
 " What the bright reward we gain?
 " The grateful memory of the Good.

^e Founded Pembroke Hall. She married an earl of Pembroke, who was killed in a tournament on his wedding-day.

^f Founded Clare Hall. Her father the earl of Gloucester married a daughter of Edward I.

^g Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. foundress of Queen's College,
^h Elizabeth Wodeville, wife of Edward IV. augmented and improved the last mentioned college.

ⁱ Henry VI. founder of King's College.

^k Henry VIII. enriched and enlarged Trinity College.

" Sweet

" Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
" The bee's collected treasures sweet,
" Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
" The still small voice of Gratitude.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see!
" Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
" To this, thy kindred train, and me :
" Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
" A Tudor's fire ¹, a Beaufort's ^m grace.

A I R.

" Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
" The flower unheeded shall descry,
" And bid it round heaven's altars shed
" The fragrance of its blushing head :
" Shall raise from earth the latent gem
" To glitter on the diadem.

R E C I T A T I V E.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
" Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
" No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :

¹ The bloods of the Stuarts and of the Tudors were united by the marriage of a King of Scotland to a daughter of Henry VII.

^m The father of the last named king, married the daughter of Beaufort Duke of Somerset.

" She

- " She reveres herself and thee.
" With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
" The laureate wreath that Cecil wore she brings,
" And to thy just, thy gentle hand
" Submits the fasces of her sway,
" While spirits blest above and men below
" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

GRAND CHORUS.

- " Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien
" Thy steady course of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep.



THE FATAL SISTERS:ⁿ AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

NOW he storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)

° Iron fleet of arrowy shower

▷ Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow
('Tis of human entrails made,) /
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warriour's head.

ⁿ Note--The Valkyriur were female Divinities, Servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies Chusers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.

° How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower—

Milton's Paradise Regain'd.

▷ The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

Shakespear's Jul. Cæsar.

Shafts

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid :
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our Friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field :
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound ;
Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see ;
Long her strains in sorrow sleep,
Strains of Immortality !

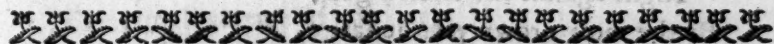
Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death ;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
Songs of joy and triumph sing !
Joy to the victorious bands ;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed :
 Each her thundering faulchion wield ;
 Each bestride her sable steed.
 Hurry, hurry to the field.



THE DESCENT OF ODIN: AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

UPPOSE the King of Men with speed,
 And saddled strait his coal-black steed ;
 Down the yawning steep he rode,
 That leads to a Hela's drear abode.
 Him the Dog of darkness spied,
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd :
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The Father of the powerful spell.

* Nifheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead ;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fallen sound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night ?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain !
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warriour's Son.

Thou

Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven !
Unwilling I my lips uncloze :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

PR. In Hoder's hand the Heroe's doom ;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloze :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress,
A wonderous Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam ;
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey.
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

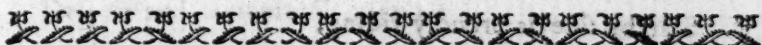
PR. Ha ! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men ! I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line ———

O. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant-brood !

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come

To

To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till † Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.



THE TRIUMPHS OF † OWEN:

A F R A G M E N T.

BY THE SAME.

O WEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
† Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

† Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred-deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

• Owen succeeded his Father Griffin in the Principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty Years afterwards.

† North-Wales.

He

He nor heaps his brooded stores,
 Nor on all profusely pours ;
 Lord of every regal art,
 Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
 Squadrons three against him came ;
 This the force of Eirin hiding,
 Side by side as proudly riding,
 On her shadow long and gay
 " Lochlin plows the watery way ;
 There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds, and join the war :
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 " The dragon Son of Mona stands ;
 In glittering arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thundering strokes begin,
 There the prefs, and there the din ;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
 Thousand Banners round him burn,

" Denmark.

° The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

Where

Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.



AN INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE,
MDCCLXIII.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

A G A I N the balmy Zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat ;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest ;
Here rove and sing the live-long day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No schoolboy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs,
Secure the Linnet sings,
The Goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel ! ah quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods * among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless Red-breast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

* Warley Woods.

My

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve ;
 Oh let me thus your friendship bribe !
 Come feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
 To you these plums belong ;
 Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,
 But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
 Our mutual interests guard,
 Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
 Your songs be my teward.

UNDER AN HOUR-GLASS,

IN A GROTTO NEAR THE WATER AT CLAVERTON.

BY THE SAME.

THIS bubbling stream not uninstruative flows,
 Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main,
 Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,
 And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides
 Time's current stealing on with silent haste ;
 For lo ! each falling sand his folly chides,
 Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

ON



ON THE ANCIENT CITY OF BATH.

WRITTEN ON THE FINISHING THE CIRCUS.

BY THE SAME.

MIDS T flowery meads and Avon's winding floods,
 Romantic hills, wild rocks, and pendent woods,
 Behold fair Bath her stately front advance,
 In all the pomp of Latian elegance !
 The hills that rise in rich profusion round,
 With gardens deck'd, or splendid villas crown'd !
 There Health and Pleasure hand in hand appear,
 And smiling weave their roseate arbours there.
 Deep in their mossy cells beneath these hills,
 The bounteous Naiads form the gushing rills.
 There various springs their mineral virtues blend,
 And warm in salutary streams descend ;
 These streams to mortals balmy health restore,
 The Gout grows mild, and Cholics are no more.
 Here languid nymphs regain the bloom of May,
 Here cripples dance and hurl the crutch away.

Hither, with lavish hand, fresh peasants bring
 The fruits of Autumn and the flowers of Spring ;
 Whilst lowing herds from richest pastures, pour
 The draught salubrious in their milky store ;

. Each

Each bird of various plume that haunts the wood,
 Or wings the heath, or dives the liquid flood,
 The spreading sea fish and the scaly fry
 Contiguous coasts or neighbouring streams supply.
 Thus Art and Nature join in friendly strife,
 To shower on Bath the blandishments of life.

Oh Bath ! thrice happy if to man 'twere given
 T' enjoy with temperate use the gifts of heaven !
 Didst thou thy partial fate but truly prize,
 Didst thou increase in virtue as in size ;
 Were Luxury banish'd with each baneful Vice,
 Th' infernal arts of Scandal, Cards, and Dice ;
 The vagrant herds that every street infest,
 And Insolence, with vigorous care suppress'd ;
 Did no base miscreants, to themselves unjust,
 By mean exactions liberal minds disgust ;
 From distant counties Thanes in crowds should fly,
 Proud in thy domes to shun the wintery sky.
 Augusta's self should half deserted stand,
 And Bath possess the riches of the land.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

DE E P in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan;

A Swain towards full ag'd manhood wending,
Sat forrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a Boy attending,
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue.

“ My youth's first hopes, my manhood's treasure,
“ My prattling innocent, attend,
“ Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure,
“ A father's loveliest name is Friend.

“ Some truths, from long experience flowing,
“ Worth more than royal grants receive,
“ For truths are wealth of heaven's bestowing,
“ Which kings have seldom power to give.

“ Since

" Since from an ancient race descended
" You boast an unattainted blood,
" By yours be their fair fame attended,
" And claim by birthright to be good.

" In love for every fellow-creature,
" Superior rise above the crowd ;
" What most ennobles human nature
" Was ne'er the portion of the croud.

" Be thine the generous heart that borrows
" From others joys a friendly glow,
" And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows,
" Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

" This is the temper most endearing ;
" Tho' wide proud Pomp her banners spreads,
" An heavenlier power good-nature bearing,
" Each heart in willing thralldom leads.

" Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain,
" The peace-destroying streams that flow ;
" Nor from Ambition's dangerous mountain,
" Look down upon the world below.

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
" Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
" By winds long brav'd, at last assaulted,
" Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie ;

" Whilst the mild rose more safely growing
 " Low in its un aspiring vale,
 " Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
 " Exchanges sweets with every gale.

" Wish not for Beauty's darling features,
 " Moulded by Nature's fondling power ;
 " For fairest forms 'mong human creatures,
 " Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
 " At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
 " Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
 " Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

" By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,
 " The waters as they pass'd, complain'd ;
 " At eve its glories all were blasted,
 " And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory
 " Lead you from Wisdom's path astray :
 " What Genius lives renown'd in story,
 " To happiness who found the way ?

" In yonder mead behold that vapor,
 " Whose vivid beams illusive play,
 " Far off it seems a friendly taper,
 " To guide the traveller on his way ;

" But

“ But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
“ Tread where the treacherous meteors glow,
“ He’d find, too late his rashness rueing,
“ That fatal quicksands lurk below.

“ In life such bubbles nought admiring,
“ Gilt with false light, and fill’d with air,
“ Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
“ To peace in Virtue’s cot repair.

“ There seek the never-wasted treasure,
“ Which mutual love and friendship give,
“ Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
“ And blest’d and blessing you will live.

“ If Heaven with children crowns your dwelling,
“ As mine its bounty does with you,
“ In fondness fatherly excelling
“ The example you have felt pursue.”

He paus’d—for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had mean only of expressing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now Night her mournful mantle spreading,
Had rob’d with black the horizon round,
And dank dews from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bath’d the ground :

When back to city follies flying,
'Midst Custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,
His face array'd in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying
Each character in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
And felt each secret with inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his soul;
For, what all-bounteous Heaven created,
He thought Heaven only should controul.

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH
OF THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

BY MR. A—L—.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum & mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

—VIRTUOUS youth !
Thank Heaven, I knew thee not ! I ne'er shall feel
The keen regret thy drooping friends sustain ;
Yet will I drop the sympathizing tear,
And this due tribute to thy memory bring ;
Not that thy noble birth provokes my song,
Or claims such offering from the Muses shrine ;
But that thy spotless undissembling heart,
Thy unaffected manners, all unstain'd
With pride of power, and insolence of wealth ;
Thy probity, benevolence, and truth,
(Best inmates of man's soul !) for ever lost,
Cropt like fair flowers in Life's meridian bloom,
Fade undistinguish'd in the silent grave.

O BEDFORD !—pardon, if a Muse unknown,
Smit with thy heart-felt grief, directs her way
To Sorrow's dark abode, where thee she views,
Thee, wretched fire, and pitying, hears thee mourn
Thy RUSSEL's fate.—“ Why was he thus belov'd ?
“ Why did he bless my life ?”—Fond parent, cease ;

Occasioned by a fall from his horse.

Count not his virtues o'er.—Hard task !—Call forth
Thy firm hereditary strength of mind.

Lo ! where the shade of thy great ancestor,
Fam'd **RUSSEL**, stands, and chides thy vain complaint ;

His philosophic soul, with patience arm'd
And christian virtue brav'd the pangs of death :

Admir'd, belov'd, he dy'd ; (if right I deem)

Not more lamented than thy virtuous Son.

Yet calm thy mind ; so may the lenient hand

Of Time, all-soothing Time, thy pangs assuage,

Heal thy sad wound, and close thy days in peace.

See where the object of his filial love,

His mother, lost in tears, laments his doom !

Speak comfort to her soul. —

O ! from the sacred fount, where flow the streams

Of heavenly consolation, O ! one drop,

To sooth his hapless wife ! Sharp sorrow preys

Upon her tender frame.—Alas ! she faints—

She falls ! still grasping in her hand

The picture of her lord.—All-gracious Heaven !

Just are thy ways, and righteous thy decrees,

But dark and intricate ; else why this need

For tender faithful love ? this sad return

For innocence and truth ? Was it for this,

By Virtue and the smiling Graces led,

(Fair types of long succeeding years of joy)

She twin'd the votive wreath at Hymen's shrine,

So soon to fade and die ? Yet O ! reflect,

Chaste

Chaste partner of his life ! you ne'er deplor'd
 His alienated heart ; (disastrous state !
 Condition worse than death !) the sacred torch
 Burnt to the last its unremitted fires !
 No painful self-reproach hast thou to feel ;
 The conscious thought of every duty paid,
 This sweet reflection shall support thy mind :
 Be this thy comfort. — Turn thine eyes awhile,
 Nor with that lifeless picture feed thy woe ;
 Turn yet thine eyes ; see how they court thy smiles ;
 Those infant pledges of connubial joy !

Dwell on their looks ; and trace his image there.
 And O ! since Heaven, in pity to thy loss,
 For thee one future blessing has in store,
 Cherish that tender hope. — Hear Reason's voice ;
 Hush'd be the storms that vex thy troubled breast,
 And angels guard thee in the hour of pain.

Accept this ardent prayer ; a Muse forgive,
 Who for thy sorrows draws the pensive sigh,
 Who feels thy grief. Tho' erst in frolic hour,
 She tun'd her comic rhymes to mirth and joy,
 Unskill'd (I ween in lofty verse, unus'd
 To plaintive strains, yet by soft Pity led,
 Trembling revisits the Pierian vale ;
 There culls each fragrant flower to deck the tomb
 Where generous RUSSEL lies.



THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.]

BY MISS WHATELY.

QUEEN of the halycon breast, and heavenward eye,
 Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign
 Light my lone passage thro' this vale of life,
 And raise the siege of Care ! This silent hour
 To thee is sacred, when the star of Eve,
 Like Dian's Virgins trembling ere they bathe,
 Shoots o'er the Hesperian wave its quivering ray.

All Nature joins to fill my labouring breast
 With high sensations : awful silence reigns
 Above, around ; the sounding winds no more
 Wild thro' the fluctuating forest fly
 With gust impetuous ; Zephyr scarcely breathes
 Upon the trembling foliage ; flocks, and herds,
 Retir'd beneath the friendly shade repose
 Fann'd by Oblivion's wing. Ha ! is not this,
 This the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,
 When flitting spirits from their prisons broke,
 By moon-light glide along the dusky vales,
 The solemn church-yard, or the dreary grove ;
 Fond to revisit their once lov'd abodes,
 And view each friendly scene of past delight ?

Satyrs, and fawns, that in sequester'd woods,
 And deep-embowering shades delight to dwell ;

Quitting

Quitting their caves, where in the reign of Day
 They slept in silence, o'er the daised green
 Pursue their gambols, and with printless feet
 Chase the fleet shadows o'er the waving plains.

Dryads, and Naiads, from each spring and grove,
 Trip blithsome o'er the lawns ; or, near the side
 Of mossy fountains, sport in Cynthia's beams.

The fairy elves, attendant on their queen,
 With light steps bound along the velvet mead,
 And leave the green impression of their dance
 In rings mysterious to the passing swain ;
 While the pellucid glow-worm kindly lends
 Her silver lamp to light the festive scene.

From yon majestic pile, in ruin great,
 Whose lofty towers once on approaching foes
 Look'd stern defiance, the sad bird of night
 In mournful accent to the moon complains ;
 Those towers with venerable ivy crown'd,
 And mouldering into ruin, yield no more
 A safe retirement to the hostile bands ;
 But there the lonely bat, that shuns the day,
 Dwells in dull solitude ; and screaming thence
 Wheels the night raven shrill, with hideous note
 Portending death to the dejected swain.

Each plant and flowret bath'd in evening dews,
 Exhale refreshing sweets : from the smooth lake,
 On whose still bosom sleeps the tall tree's shade,
 The moon's soft rays reflected mildly shine.

Now

Now towering Fancy takes her airy flight
Without restraint, and leaves this earth behind ;
From pole to pole, from world to world she flies ;
Rocks, seas, nor skies, can interrupt her course.

Is this what men, to thought estrang'd, miscall
Despondence ? this dull Melancholy's scene ?
To trace th' Eternal Cause thro' all his works,
Minutely and magnificently wise ?
Mark the gradations which thro' Nature's plan
Join each to each, and form the vast design ?
And tho' day's glorious guide withdraws his beams
Impartial, chearing other skies and shores ;
Rich intellect, that scorns corporeal bands,
With more than mid-day radiance gilds the scene :
The mind, now rescu'd from the cares of day,
Roves unrestrain'd thro' the wide realms of space ;
Where (thought stupendous !) systems infinite,
In regular confusion taught to move,
Like gems bespangle yon etherial plains.

Ye sons of Pleasure, and ye foes to Thought,
Who search for blifs in the capacious bowl,
And blindly woo Intemperance for Joy ;
Durst ye retire, hold converse with yourselves,
And in the silent hours of darkness court
Kind Contemplation with her peaceful train ;
How wou'd the minutes dance on downy feet,
And unperceiv'd the midnight taper waste,
While intellectual pleasure reign'd supreme !

Ye

Ye Muses, Graces, Virtues, heaven-born maids !
 Who love in peaceful solitude to dwell
 With meek-ey'd Innocence, and radiant Truth,
 And blushing Modesty ; that frighted fly
 The dark intrigue, and midnight masquerade ;
 What is this pleasure which enchants mankind ?
 'Tis noise, 'tis toil, 'tis frenzy : like the cup
 Of Circe, fam'd of old, who tastes it finds
 Th' ethereal spark divine to brute transform'd.

And now, methinks, I hear the Libertine
 With supercilious leer cry, " Preach no more
 " Your musty morals ; hence, to desarts fly,
 " And in the gloom of solitary caves
 " Austerely dwell : what's life, debarr'd from joy ?
 " Crown then the bowl ; let Music lend her aid,
 " And Beauty her's, to soothe my wayward cares."

Ah ! little does he know the Nymph he styles
 A foe to pleasure ; pleasure is not more
 His aim than her's ; with him she joins to blame
 The hermit's gloom, and savage penances ;
 Each social joy approves. Oh ! without thee,
 Fair Friendship, Life were nothing ; without thee,
 The page of Fancy would no longer charm,
 And Solitude disgust e'en pensive minds.

Nought I condemn but that excess which clouds
 The mental faculties, to soothe the sense :
 Let Reason, Truth, and Virtue, guide thy steps,
 And every blessing Heaven bestows, be thine.

LIBERTY:



LIBERTY: AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS LOGGIN.

BY THE SAME.

FEIGNED TO BE WRITTEN FROM THE HAPPY VALLEY
OF AMBARA.

TO you, Eliza, be these lays consign'd,
Who blest in Freedom's fair dominions live;
While I, alas! am pompously confin'd,
Bereft of every joy the world can give.
In vain for me the blushing flowrets bloom,
And spring eternal decks the fragrant shade;
In vain the dewy myrtle breathes perfume,
And sounds angelic echo thro' the glade.
The marble palaces, and glittering spires,
What are they? Pageant glare, and empty show:
Ah! how unequal to my fond desires,
Which tell me—Freedom makes a heaven below.
Pensive I range these ever-verdant groves,
And sigh responsive to the murmuring stream;
While woodland warblers chant their happy loves,
Dear Liberty is wretched Myra's theme.

The

The velvet lawns diversify'd with flowers,
In sweet succession every morn the same ;
Fresh gales that breathe thro' amaranthine bowers,
And every charm inventive Art can frame,

Here fondly vie to crown this favour'd place :
And here, to smooth captivity a prey,
Each royal child of Abyssinian race
Consumes the vacant inauspicious day.

Tho' festive mirth awake the laughing morn,
And guiltless revels lead the dancing hours ;
Tho' purling rills the fertile meads adorn,
And the wild rock its spicy produce pours :

Yet what are these to fill a boundless mind ?
Tho' gay each scene appear, 'tis still the same ;
Variety — in vain I hope to find ;
Variety, thou dear, but distant name !

With pleasure cloy'd, and sick of tasteless ease,
No sweet alternatives my spirits cheer ;
Joys oft repeated lose their power to please,
And harmony grows discord to my ear.

Blest Freedom ! how I long with thee to rove,
Where varying Nature all her charms displays ;
To range the sun-burnt hill, the rifted grove,
And trace the silver current's winding maze !

Free

Free as the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 Who distant climes and various seasons see,
 Regions—tho' not, like soft Ambara, fair;
 Yet blest with change, and crown'd with Liberty.

Vain wish! these rocks, whose summits pierce the skies,
 With frowning aspect tell me—Hope is vain:
 Till, freed by death, the purer spirit flies,
 Here wretched Myra's destin'd to remain.



H Y M N T O S O L I T U D E .

BY THE SAME.

NOW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove
 Extends her vivid power,
 Now Phœbus shines with mildest beams,
 And wakes each sleeping flower.

Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,
 Kind dews refresh the plain;
 While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
 Renew their chearful reign.

Now far from business let me fly,
 Far from the crowded seat
 Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,
 To some obscure retreat:

Where

Where Plenty sheds with liberal hand
Her various blessings round ;
Where laughing Joy delighted roves,
And roseate Health is found.

Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When morn's first blushes rise ;
And view the fair extensive scene
With Contemplation's eyes.

And while the raptur'd woodland choir
Pour forth their love-taught lays ;
I'll tune the grateful matin song
To my Creator's praise.

He bade the solar orb advance
To cheer the gloomy sky ;
And at the gentle voice of Spring
Made hoary Winter fly.

He dress'd the groves in smiling green,
Unlock'd the ice-bound rill ;
Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,
And herbage crown the hill.

To that all-gracious source of light,
Let early incense rise,
While on Devotion's wing the soul
Ascends her native skies.

And

And when the rapid car of day
 Illumes the farthest west,
 When sleep dissolves the captives chains,
 And anguish sinks to rest ;

Then let me range the shadowy lawns
 When Vesper's silver light
 Plays on the trembling streams, and gilds
 The fable veil of night.

When every earthly care's at rest,
 And musing Silence reigns ;
 Then active Fancy takes her flight
 Wide o'er th' ethereal plains ;

Soars thro' the trackless realms of space,
 Sees endless systems roll ;
 Whilst all harmoniously combine,
 To form one beauteous whole.

All hail ! sweet Solitude ! to thee,
 In thy sequester'd bower,
 Let me invoke the Pastoral Muse,
 And every Sylvan power.

Dear penfive Nymph, the tender thought
 And deep research is thine ;
 'Tis thine to heal the tortur'd breast,
 And form the great design.

On

On thy still bosom let me rest,
 Far from the clang of war;
 Where stern Oppression's bloody chains
 Precede the victor's car:

Here fold me in thy sacred arms,
 Where Albion's happy plains
 Exulting tell the nations round,
 A British Brunswick reigns.

Here let me hail each rising sun,
 Here view each day's decline;
 Be Fame and Sway my Sovereign's lot,
 Be Peace and Freedom mine.

O D E T O M A Y.

BY THE SAME.

FAIREST daughter of the year,
 Ever blooming, lovely May;
 While thy vivid skies appear,
 Nature smiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flowery--painted mead,
 Pasture fair, and mountain green;
 Thine, with infant--harvest spread,
 Laughing lies the lowland scene.

Friend of thine, the shepherd plays
Blithsome near the yellow broom,
While his flock, that careless strays,
Seeks the wild thyme's sweet perfume.

May, with thee I mean to rove
O'er these lawns and vallies fair,
Tune my gentle lyre to love,
Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,
Shall the rosy nymphs, appear;
While I sing in rural strains,
May, to shepherds ever dear.

I had never skill to raise
Peans from the vocal strings,
To the god-like Hero's praise,
To the pageant pomp of Kings,

Stranger to the hostile plains,
Where the brazen trumpets sound;
Life's purple stream the verdure stains,
And heaps promiscuous press the ground:

Where the murderous cannon's breath
Fate denounces from afar,
And the loud report of death
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger

Stranger to the park and play,
 Birth-night balls, and courtly trains;
 Thee I woo, my gentle May,
 Tune for thee my native strains.

Blooming groves, and wandering rills;
 Soothe thy vacant poet's dreams,
 Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,
 All her unexalted themes.



THE PRAISES OF ISIS;

A P O E M.

WRITTEN MDCCLV.

BY CHARLES EMILY, ESQ.

CASTALIAN goddess, come; nor flight the call
 Of simplest bard; auspicious come, and prompt
 The flowing numbers; so may Isis lend
 Attentive ear well-pleas'd, nor with disdain
 Reject the wreath of freshest flowrets cull'd
 From Pindus' hill to deck her lovely brow.—
 Begin; what Muse to Isis shall deny
 The votive song? for Isis loves the Muse.—
 Thee, fairest Naiad, oft at early dawn
 I meditate, till Evening, matron staid,
 Her tresses dripping with ambrosial dew

Advance slow-pacing from the gilded West ;
 Nor cease I to reflect, how blest are they,
 To envy blest, that in thy peaceful haunts
 Hold pleasing dalliance with the Muses' train ;
 Yet tho' in other clime I rest remote,
 Ill-fated, that my wayward lot forbids
 To wander thy green verge beside, shalt thou
 Remain unsung ; while now the hoary Cam
 Hard by me rolls his slowly- winding wave.

As where Apelles in accordance meet
 Weds light to shade ; and with Promethean art
 Teaches the breathing canvas to express
 A furtive life ; with wonder we behold
 Unnumbered beauties rush upon the sight,
 Gazing, while on the border of the lip
 Stands mute Suspence, yet doubtful which may first
 Demand, which last, the tribute of applause ;
 Thus, Isis, while for thee I string the lyre,
 The tongue of praise awhile forgets its purpose,
 In magic wonder bound ; nor knows the Muse
 Lost in the pleasing labyrinth, where to bend
 Her footstep first.—Say, shall I first rehearse,
 How thou, a virgin yet, wert whilom wont
 In Nereus' hall to join the festive dance
 Thy sister train among, the fairest thou
 Of all the Naiads, that with silver foot
 Skim the smooth surface of the glassy deep ?
 Say, rather shall I sing, how kingly Thame

(If holy bards in better ages born
 Have story'd true) to share his watery bed
 Thee woo'd long loving ? nor in proud disdain
 Didst thou refuse with kingly Thame to mix
 Thy marriageable wave ^a. To Neptune's court
 Upon that great solemnity repair'd
 The river gods : all that from crystal urn
 Enrichening moisture pour o'er British plains.
 There first advancing with imperial port
 Proud Humber came ; majestic as the god
 Whose mighty trident ^a shakes the trembling earth :
 Next Severn, conscious of Sabrina's ^b fate,
 The king of floods ; in greenish mantle clad
 Bespangled here and there with costly gems
 And many a glistering pearl : there too was seen
 The Medway, and the hoarse-refounding Trent,
 The pleasant Medway, that with conscious pride
 Beholds the glorious race ^c, who long of yore
 Breathing stern-visag'd valour scorn'd to stoop
 The servile neck to William's ^d galling yoke,
 Unconquerable souls : the yellow Ouse
 There came, and Towy winding up and down
 His watry folds, and Deva ^e held of old

^a Vid. the marriage of the Thames and Medway in Spenser's Faery Queen.

^a Neptune.

^b Vid. Milton in Comus.

^c Scil. the men of Kent.

^d William the conqueror.

^e Milton speaks of the river Dee or Deva, in this manner :

—— Where Deva spreads it's wizard stream. Lycidas.

A sacred current ; with the blue-rob'd Dove ^f,
 And Derwent, sister streams ; and Avon ^g fair,
 The silver-sandal'd nymph : whose bank along
 At silent eve in pensive posture stretch'd,
 Calls raptur'd Fancy from Elysian bower
 Her darling Shakespear's ever hallow'd shade.
 There was the Tweed, the turret-crested Tyne,
 And Eden, famous stream ; who hath not heard
 Of Eden ? there the plowman as he turns
 With crooked share the bordering glebe, full oft
 Gauntlets and rust-worn spears and vizor'd helms,
 And pond'rous shields with quaint device pourtray'd,
 And bones enormous of gigantic size
 With gaping wonder sees ; then calls to mind
 The well known tale, how there by British knights
 Was many a bold exploit and bloody fight
 Atchiev'd of old.—But tedious 'twere to name
 All that with one accord to Neptune's hall
 Then came, when now the beauteous Isis gave
 To mix with royal Thame's uxorious flood
 Her virgin stream. Nor on that solemn day
 Was wanting (then with rural chaplet crown'd,
 Tho' now adorn'd with many a glittering tower)
 Thou, father Cam : that oft with kind attention
 Hast deign'd awhile to listen, as I tun'd

^f Alluding to the bluish colour of its waters.

^g Shakespear was buried, and has a monument erected to him at Stratford upon Avon.

The simple madrigal ; nor jealous he,
 That now his windings intricate I trace
 With musing gait ; and teach the mimic nymph,
 All as she sits his flowery bank along,
 To sound the praises of a sister flood :—
 And can I sing aught better, than thy praise,
 O lovely Isis ? lovelier in the eye
 Of Phoebus seen, than erst the silver stream
 Of fabled Castaly ; and fam'd as that
 Which flow'd Minerva's city ^h fast beside,
 Ilissus, nurse of each ingenuous art.

Should I rehearse, or those, whose bounty bad
 The liquid mirrour of thy glassy wave
 Yon towery mansions to reflect ; or those,
 Thy darling progeny, who burn'd to grasp
 Immortal fame, and with unwearied search
 Urg'd flying Science to its inmost maze ;
 Should I their names rehearse, the sun, that now
 His matten beam wide scattering tips with gold
 The ragged skirt of yonder orient cloud,
 Wou'd drink the western wave, or ever ceas'd
 The lengthen'd song.—These structures Bedley plann'd ;
 Those Sheldon's bounty rear'd. That beauteous dome ⁱ
 Bids grateful Isis still adore the shade
 Of Radcliffe, honour'd name : him Pæan taught
 (For he was lov'd of Pæan) to explore

^h Scil. Athens.

ⁱ Radcliffe's library.

The medicinal power of juicy shrub
 And healing plant, that o'er her verdant lap
 With free profusion parent Nature strews ;
 Nor thankless he ; for to the god he rear'd
 In pious gratitude a stately fane.

Whence rose yon fabric ^k, that conspicuous lifts
 Its sky-topt dome with more majestic pride ?
 'Twas Wolséy's glorious work : to Science rise
 No towers more lov'd ; for there the mitred sage ^l,
 In wisdom's lore deep skill'd, with kindest eye
 Observes the budding Genius as it thrusts
 Its youthful blossoms ; or with conscious joy
 There oft in recollection sweet beholds
 Those, (whom his honest nurture erst inform'd
 With all that's deem'd or excellent or fair)
 O'er Britain's peaceful land their goodly beams
 Dispense abroad : names, that to latest time
 Shall shine distinguish'd in the rolls of Fame.

Oft, as thou sat'st within thy pearl pav'd grot,
 With pleas'd attention, Isis, hast thou caught
 The dulcet sounds, when in yon sacred grove,
 To Phœbus sacred, woo'd the Latian Muse
 Sweet Addison : who like the sedulous bee
 Rifled each honey-bosom'd flower, that edg'd
 The fount of Helicon. — Why loves to bend
 His lonely step to yonder aged oak,

^k Christ-church college.

^l The Bishop of Bristol, then dean of the above cathedral.

Deep musing, while bright Cynthia silvers o'er
 The negro forehead of uncomely Night,
 Th' enraptur'd Bard ? and on the dew-sprent turf
 His temples pillowing, sees before him dance
 (Or dreams he sees) the Muses Nine, and glows
 With inspiration strange ? There Fame records
 Custom'd the merry Chaucer erst to frame
 His laughter-moving tale : nor, when his harp
 He tun'd to notes of louder pitch, and sung
 Of ladies passing fair, and bloody jousts,
 And warrior steeds, and valour-breathing knights
 For matchless prowess fam'd, deserv'd he not
 The laureat wreath ; for he, like Phœbus, knew
 To build in numbers apt the lofty song.—

“ Whence art thou, gracious Presence ? Art thou sent
 “ From heaven, an angel minister, to bless
 “ These favour'd seats ? for that excelling form
 “ Bespeaks thee more than man ;” in wonder wrapt
 Thus Isis cry'd, while on her margent green
 In youthful grace how amiable ! stood
 Britannia's rising hope¹. With stedfast eye
 Long time she gaz'd unsatisfied, and mark'd
 Each godlike thought, that imag'd on his look
 With strong reflection shone, the undoubted pledge
 Of future deeds : tho' yet was Cressy's plain
 Unstain'd with slaughter : nor had Gallia's king^m

¹ Edward the Black Prince.

^m John, king of France taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince.

His ravag'd crown yet mourn'd; nor deem'd, that soon
 Wou'd dawn the luckless day, when he must drag
 The galling bond of fore captivity;
 The gaze of clustering multitudes, and deck
 The glorious triumph of a British boy.——

Nor, while yon fair aspiring domes adorn
 Thy verge, O Isis, shall unmention'd pass
 Alfred, auspicious name: say, goddess say,
 Bursts not thy breast with swelling raptures fraught,
 While Memory with her forgetful pencil paints
 The glorious portrait? On the godlike form
 Advanc'd, not graceful less, than on the top
 Of Delian Cynthus, steps Latona's son,
 In mildest majesty: beside him went,
 As musing deep, an hoary-headed Sage,
 Of wondrous reverence; on his broad smooth front
 Had Wisdom stamp'd its fair similitude.
 The laurel grac'd his temples: in his hand
 A golden harp, Apollo's gift, he bore;
 And oft with cunning finger was he wont
 To rove along the sounding strings, and lift
 The ravish'd soul of statue-fixt Attention
 To the heaven of rapture——O how sweet thy charms,
 All-powerful Harmony! in years indeed
 Advanc'd he seem'd; yet on the cheek of age
 Hale vigour with unfading freshness bloom'd;
 Upright he slept in stately mien, and breath'd

* Alluding to the manner of a Roman triumph.

Amiable dignity : such seem'd of yore
 The fire of Jove, what time on Latian plains
 He dwelt with Janus, hospitable king.
 Well knew, what was, what is, what is to come,
 The reverend Sage ; and wisely could he treat
 Of justice, truth, and universal love
 From man to man ; and mark the limits, when
 Virtue is virtue ; when its mad excess
 Strays headlong into vice ; he too could tell
 How moves the planet in harmonious dance
 Its central sun around : whence Iris steals
 The bright variety of hues, that fringe
 Her humid bow ; how springs of night and day
 The due vicissitude ; why o'er the earth
 Circling the year with grateful interchange
 The wandering seasons roll ; of higher things
 Nor knew not he ; for of th' ætherial mind,
 That beams to day, to-morrow, and for ever,
 An unextinguish'd spark ; of nature's laws ;
 And nature's God full well could he discourse.

Him gracious Heaven in pity to mankind
 Sent from its star-pav'd court (so sung beneath
 His ivy'd oak of yore the Druid sage)
 And nam'd him SCIENCE : first on Asian clime
 He settled, there where proud Euphrates rolls
 Amid Chaldæan plains, or on the bank
 Of Pharian Nile ; there he his favourite seat
 Long choos'ing, soften'd with refinements meet

The

The savage genius of mankind, and taught
 With awful laws to curb licentious guilt,
 To build the wall girt city, and to frame
 The peaceful league of blest society
 With all the sweet civilities of life.

Him Greece from thence with open arms embrac'd
 A welcome guest : but chief he lov'd to haunt
 The porch of Academe ; where mildly beam'd
 The modest wisdom of good Socrates ;
 Where wont the honey'd eloquence to flow
 From Plato's sweet-distilling lip ; and where
 The letter'd ^p Stagyrite from Nature's source
 His maxims drew. Nor on Ausonian coast
 Was Science honour'd less ; since there had come
 The Samian ^q sage, who smit with love of knowledge
 O'er many a distant realm had stretch'd his search,
 And climates warm'd beneath another sun.

At length when now in more degenerate times
 Had exile Freedom loath'd the Hesperian shore,
 With crooked keel did heaven-born Science plow
 The swelling back of Ocean, till he gain'd
 Neptunian Albion's hospitable beach ;
 The nurse of Liberty ; for ill, I ween,
 Can Learning thrive, if Freedom shall deny

• Alluding to the fable of the bees settling on the lips of Plato ; which
 was look'd on as an omen of the sweetness of his diction.

^p Aristotle, who was born at Stagyræ,

^q Pythagoras, born at Samos.

To

To cherish with mild ray the rising flower ;
 To Albion isle he came, what time was sheath'd
 The sword of war ; and Alfred's arm had crush'd
 The might of Paynim foes : the gracious king
 With gladness hail'd his venerable guest ;
 And led him forth, where thro' the flowery meads
 The silver Isis winds her liquid maze.

When thus the royal goodness spake benign :

- " Here deign, O heaven-descended Sage, to fix
 " Thy favourite mansion ; here to latest times
 " Instruct thy sons (nor think that Britons bear
 " Such savage-hearted natures, but will melt
 " In soft humanity) thy secret stores
 " To pierce with curious diligence, and snatch
 " Each fair perfection, each excelling art,
 " And all, that profits or delights mankind ;
 " Here (as reclining on the peaceful lap
 " Of Leisure not inglorious, they delight
 " To muse in calm Retirement's lonely haunt)
 " Instruct them to pursue the unerring print
 " Of Wisdom's step ; or with no lowly flight,
 " High borne on Contemplation's eagle wing,
 " To rise from nature up to nature's God.
 " How happy they ! whom thou shalt give to tread
 " The pleasant paths of knowledge, and to weave
 " The laurel chaplet for their honour'd brows !"

He ceas'd, with look mild as when Phœbus sheds
 His soft effulgence on autumnal eve.

The

The laurel'd seer in thankful guise bow'd low
 His hoary reverence : " With peculiar love
 " Sure heaven then looks (he cry'd) on mortals down,
 " When kings, like Alfred, rise ; whose patriot souls
 " Still center in a nation's good ; who live
 " By glorious works to make their country great :
 " Such well deserve to rule : & such heaven beholds
 " Well-pleas'd ; nor grudges, that to them it gave
 " Its high vicegerency. — In future time
 " Some one mayhap, the whilst he shall behold
 " With conscious pride, how far his native land
 " Transcends whatever vaunts historic fame
 " Of polish'd Athens, and imperial Rome
 " The seat of demi-gods, in holy rapture
 " Shall bless the name of Alfred ; and relate,
 " That he, still anxious for his Britain's weal,
 " Led Science there where thro' the flowery meads
 " Her liquid maze the silver Isis winds—
 " Nor shalt thou, hospitable flood, where now
 " I stay my wandering feet, a stranger guest,
 " Unhonour'd flow : for on thy grassy brim
 " Full oft shalt thou in silent joy behold,
 " Bards that shall know to bind the captiv'd soul
 " With energy of song ; and sages wise,
 " As whilom mus'd th' Athenian stream beside ;
 " And statesmen, patriot souls, with merit fraught

t Vid. the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

" And

" And virtue more than Roman.—Here shall rise
 " My best-lov'd progeny *, that shall explore
 " (Of Heaven how highly favour'd) what till then
 " Stagger'd the pedant's pride, and slip the grasp
 " Of baffled sophist : he with Truth's bright ray
 " The ten-fold gloom, which darkening logic spread,
 " Shall pierce ; and, like the golden-footed morn,
 " Scatter abroad the chearing beam of light.—
 " These are the glories, that with influence sweet
 " Shall gild thy shores, blest Isis : these are they,
 " With homage due that each revolving year
 " Shall visit Alfred's hallowed shrine, and bring
 " The pledge of gratitude and filial love."

L I F E : A N O D E.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

L I F E, the dear precarious boon,
 Soon we lose ; alas ! how soon ;
 Fleeting vision, falsely gay,
 Grasp'd in vain, it flies away ;
 Lovely vision, how it fades,
 Mixing with surrounding shades.

* Mr. Locke, who was of Christ-church college.

Let

Let the Muse in Fancy's glass
 Catch the phantoms as they pass.
 See, they rise ! A nymph behold,
 Careless, wanton, young and bold ;
 Mark her devious, hasty pace,
 Antic dress, and thoughtless face,
 Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
 Causeless mirth and vain surprise.

Tripping at her side, a boy
 Shares her wonder and her joy ;
 This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
 That is Childhood at her side.

What is he succeeding now,
 Myrtles blooming on his brow,
 Bright and blushing as the morn,
 Not on earth a mortal born,
 Wings the flying to pursue,
 Shafts to pierce the strong in view ?
 Victim of his power behind,
 Stalks a slave of human kind,
 Whose disdain of all the free
 Speaks the mind's captivity.
 Love's the tyrant, Youth's the slave ;
 Youth in vain is wise or brave ;
 Love with conscious pride defies
 All the brave and all the wise.

Who art thou with anxious mien,
 Stealing o'er the shifting scene ?

Eyes with tedious vigils red,
 Sighs by doubts and wishes bred,
 Cautious step and glancing leer,
 Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear ;
 Arm in arm, what wretch is he,
 Like thyself who walks with thee ;
 Like thy own his fears and woes,
 All thy pangs his bosom knows :
 Well, too well ! my boding breast
 Knows the thoughts your looks suggest,
 Anxious, busy, restless pair,
 Manhood link'd by Fate to Care.

Wretched state ! and yet 'tis dear.
 Fancy, close the prospect here :
 Close it, or recall the past,
 Spare my eyes, my heart the last.
 Vain the wish, the last appears,
 While I gaze, it swims in tears.

Age, my future self, I trace,
 Moving slow with feeble pace ;
 Bending with disease and cares,
 All the load of life he bears.

White his locks, his visage wan,
 Strength, and ease, and hope, are gone.
 Death, the shadowy form I know,
 Death o'ertakes, the dreadful foe ;
 Swift they vanish, mournful fight !
 Night succeeds, imperious night !

What these dreadful glooms conceal,
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal.
When shall Time the veil remove ?
When shall light the scene improve ?
When shall Truth my doubts dispel ?
Awful period ! who can tell ?



A MORAL THOUGHT.

BY THE SAME.

TH R O' groves sequester'd, dark and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill,
Which languid murmurs, steals along :

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And lingering leaves its native plains,
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,
Through silent scenes obscurely calm,
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm,

When

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

[illegible]

EPISTLE FROM LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL TO WILLIAM LORD CAVENDISH.

BY GEO. CANNING, ESQ.

L O S T to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While night's black shades augment the savage sound,
'Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, CAVENDISH, to thee.

Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of Praise;
When, leagu'd with patriots, we maintain'd the cause
Of true religion, liberty, and laws,
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide;
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy generous soul with tales of woe;

* This epistle is supposed to have been written by Lord RUSSEL, on Friday night, July 20, 1683, in Newgate; that prison having been the place of his confinement for some days immediately preceding his execution.

No : view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
 As when the welcome mandate I obey'd —
 Heavens ! with what pride that moment I recall !
 Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall !
 When England's Genius, hovering o'er, inspir'd
 Her chosen sons, with love of Freedom fir'd,
 Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,
 Minions of Power, and worshippers of Gain,
 To save from Bigotry its destin'd prey,
 And shield three nations from tyrannick sway.

'Twas then my CA'NDISH caught the glorious flame,
 The happy omen of his future fame ;
 Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
 The clearest head, and warmest, noblest heart,
 His words, deep sinking in each captiv'd ear,
 Had power to make even Liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in Oratory's lore,
 Whose tongue ne'er speaks but when the heart runs o'er,
 In plain blunt phrase my honest thoughts express'd
 Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd.

Justice prevail'd ; yes Justice, let me say,
 Well pois'd her scales on that auspicious day.
 The watchful shepherd spies the wolf afar,
 Nor trusts his flock to try the unequal war ;
 What tho' the savage crouch in humble guise,
 And check the fire that flashes from his eyes,
 Should once his barbarous fangs the fold invade,
 Vain were their cries, too late the shepherd's aid,

Thirsting

Thirsting for blood, he knows not how to spare,
His jaws distend, his fiery eyeballs glare,
While ghastly Desolation, stalking round,
With mangled limbs bestrews the purple ground.

Now, Memory, fail! nor let my mind revolve,
How England's Peers annull'd the just resolve,
Against her bosom aim'd a deadly blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low!

Degenerate nobles! Yes, by Heaven I swear,
Had BEDFORD's self appear'd delinquent there,
And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
To thwart the exclusion of apostate JAMES,
All filial ties had then been left at large,
And I myself the first to urge the charge.

Such the fix'd sentiments that rule my soul,
Time cannot change, nor Tyranny controul;
While free, they hung upon my pensive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now;
Foil'd I submit, nor think the measure hard,
For conscious Virtue is its own reward.

Vain then is force, and vain each subtle art,
To wring retraction from my tortured heart;
There lie, in marks indelible engrav'd,
The means whereby my country must be sav'd;
Are to thine eyes those characters unknown?
To read my inmost heart, consult thine own;
There wilt thou find this sacred truth reveal'd,
Which shall to morrow with my blood be seal'd,

Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
 But banish JAMES, or England is no more.
 Friendship her tender offices may spare,
 Nor strive to move the unforgiving pair,
 Hopeless the tyrant's mercy-seat to climb——
 Zeal for my country's freedom is my crime !
 Ere that meets pardon, lambs with wolves shall range,
 CHARLES be a saint, and JAMES his nature change.

Press'd by my friends, and RACHEL's fond desires,
 (Who can deny what weeping love requires !)
 Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
 Th' indignant pride that in my bosom swell'd ;
 I sued—the weak attempt I blush to own—
 I sued for mercy, prostrate at the throne.
 O ! blot the foible out, my noble friend,
 With human firmness human feelings blend !
 When Love's endearments softest moments seize,
 And Love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,
 When Nature's strongest ties the soul enthrall,
 (Thou canst conceive, for thou hast felt them all !)
 Let him resist their prevalence, who can ;
 He must, indeed, be more or less than man.

Yet let me yield my RACHEL honour due,
 The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too !
 Anxious to save her husband's honest name,
 Dear was his life, but dearer still his fame !
 When suppliant prayers no pardon could obtain,
 And, wondrous strange ! ev'n BEDFORD's gold prov'd vain,
 The

The informer's part her generous soul abhorr'd,
 Though life preserv'd had been the sure reward ;
 Let impious *ESCRICK* act such treacherous scenes,
 And shrink from death by such opprobrious means.

O ! my lov'd *RACHEL* ! all-accomplish'd fair !
 Source of my joy, and soother of my care !
 Whose heavenly virtues, and unfading charms,
 Have bless'd through happy years my peaceful arms !
 Parting with thee into my cup was thrown,
 Its harshest dregs else had not forc'd a groan !—
 But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd their last—
 And now the bitterness of death is past.

BURNET and *TILLOTSON*, with pious care,
 My fleeting soul for heavenly bliss prepare,
 Wide to my view the glorious realms display,
 Pregnant with joy, and bright with endless day.
 Charm'd, as of old when *Israel's* prophet sung,
 Whose words distill'd like manna from his tongue,
 While the great bard sublimest truths explor'd,
 Each ravish'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd ;
 So rapt, so charm'd, my soul begins to rise,
 Spurns the base earth, and seems to reach the skies.

But when, descending from the sacred theme,
 Of boundless power, and excellence supreme,
 They would for man, and his precarious throne,
 Exact obedience, due to Heaven alone,
 Forbid resistance to his worst commands,
 And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands ;

The vision sinks to life's contracted span,
And rising passion speaks me still a man.

What ! shall a tyrant trample on the laws,
And stop the source whence all his power he draws ?
His country's rights to foreign foes betray,
Lavish her wealth, yet stipulate for pay ?
To shameful falsehoods venal slaves suborn,
And dare to laugh the virtuous man to scorn ?
Deride Religion, Justice, Honour, Fame,
And hardly know of Honesty the name ?
In Luxury's lap lie screen'd from cares and pains,
And only toil to forge his subjects chains ?
And shall he hope the publick voice to drown,
The voice which gave, and can resume his crown !

When Conscience bares her horrors, and the dread
Of sudden vengeance, bursting o'er his head,
Wrings his black soul ; when injured nations groan,
And cries of millions shake his tottering throne ;
Shall flattering churchmen soothe his guilty ears,
With tortured texts, to calm his growing fears ;
Exalt his power above the Ætherial climes,
And call down Heaven to sanctify his crimes !

O ! impious doctrine !—Servile priests away !
Your Prince you poison, and your God betray.

Hapless the monk ! who, in evil hour,
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawless power !
The magic potion boils within his veins,
And locks each sense in adamantine chains ;

Reason

Reason revolts, insatiate thirst ensues,
 The wild delirium each fresh draught renews ;
 In vain his people urge him to refrain,
 His faithful servants supplicate in vain ;
 He quaffs at length, impatient of controul,
 The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl.

Zeal your pretence, but wealth and power your aims,
 You ev'n could make a SOLOMON of JAMES.
 Behold the pedant, thron'd in aukward state,
 Absorb'd in pride, ridiculously great ;
 His courtiers seem to tremble at his nod,
 His prelates call his voice the voice of God ;
 Weakness and vanity with them combine,
 And JAMES believes his majesty divine.
 Presumptuous wretch ! almighty power to scan,
 While every action proves him less than man.

By your delusions to the scaffold led,
 Martyr'd by you, a royal CHARLES has bled.
 Teach then, ye sycophants ! O ! teach his son,
 The gloomy paths of tyranny to shun ;
 Teach him to prize Religion's sacred claim,
 Teach him how Virtue leads to honest fame,
 How Freedom's wreath a monarch's brows adorns,
 Nor, basely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.
 Point to his view his people's love alone,
 The solid basis of his stedfast throne ;
 Chosen by them their dearest rights to guard,
 The bad to punish, and the good reward,

Clement

Clement and just let him the sceptre sway,
 And willing subjects shall with pride obey,
 Shall vie to execute his high commands,
 His throne their hearts, his sword and shield their hands.

Happy the Prince! thrice firmly fix'd his crown!
 Who builds on publick good his chaste renown;
 Studious to bless, who knows no second aim,
 His people's interest, and his own the same;
 The ease of millions rests upon his cares,
 And thus Heaven's high prerogative he shares.
 Wide from the throne the blest contagion spreads,
 O'er all the land its gladdening influence sheds,
 Faction's discordant sounds are heard no more,
 And foul Corruption flies the indignant shore.

His ministers with joy their courses run,
 And borrow lustre from the royal sun.

But should some upstart, train'd in Slavery's school,
 Learn'd in the maxims of despotick rule,
 Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantick pride,
 (Mysterious cloak! the mind's defects to hide!)
 Sordid in small things, prodigal in great,
 Saving for minions, squandering for the state—
 Should such a miscreant, born for England's bane,
 Obscure the glories of a prosperous reign;
 Gain, by the semblance of each praiseful art,
 A pious prince's unsuspecting heart;
 Envious of worth, and talents not his own,
 Chase all experienc'd merit from the throne;

To guide the helm a motley crew compose,
 Servile to him, the king's and country's foes ;
 Meanly descend each paltry place to fill,
 With tools of power, and pandars to his will ;
 Brandishing high the scorpion scourge o'er all,
 Except such slaves as bow the knee to Baal ———
 Should Albion's fate decree the baneful hour ———
 Short be the date of his detested power !
 Soon may his sovereign break his iron rods,
 And hear his people ; for their voice is God's !

Cease then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers ! cease,
 Suffer your rulers to repose in peace ;
 By Reason led, give proper names to things,
 God made them men, the people made them kings ;
 To all their acts but legal powers belong,
 Thus England's Monarch never can do wrong ;
 Of right divine let foolish FILMER dream,
 The publick welfare is the law supreme.

Lives there a wretch, whose base, degenerate soul
 Can crouch beneath a tyrant's stern controul ?
 Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiss the hand
 In galling chains that binds his native land ?
 Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by slavish fear,
 Abandon all his ancestors held dear ?
 Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
 England's Great Charter made a ruffian's spoil ;
 Hear, unconcern'd, his injured country groan,
 Nor stretch an arm to hurl him from the throne ?

Let such to freedom forfeit all their claims,
And CHARLES's minions be the slaves of JAMES.

But soft awhile——Now, CAVENDISH, attend
The warm effusions of thy dying friend ;
Fearless who dares his inmost thoughts reveal,
When thus to Heaven he makes his last appeal.

All-gracious God ! whose goodness knows no bounds !
Whose power the ample universe surrounds !
In whose great balance, infinitely just,
Kings are but men, and men are only dust ;
At thy tribunal low thy suppliant falls,
And here condemn'd, on thee for mercy calls !

Thou hear'st not, Lord ! an hypocrite complain,
And sure with thee hypocrisy were vain ;
'To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
Thou know'st my sins, and, knowing, still canst spare !
Though partial power its ministers may awe,
And murder here by specious forms of law ;
The axe, which executes the harsh decree,
But wounds the flesh, to set the spirit free !
Well may the man a tyrant's frown despise,
Who, spurning earth, to Heaven for refuge flies ;
And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
Builds his firm trust ; that rock can never fail !

Hear then, Jehovah ! hear thy servant's prayer !
Be England's welfare thy peculiar care !
Defend her laws, her worship chaste, and pure,
And guard her rights while Heaven and Earth endure !

O let not ever fell Tyrannick Sway
 His blood-stain'd standard on her shores display !
 Nor fiery Zeal usurp thy holy name,
 Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame !
 In vain let Slavery shake her threatening chain,
 And Persecution wave her torch in vain !
 Arise, O Lord ! and hear thy people's call !
 Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall !

O ! that my blood may glut the barbarous rage
 Of Freedom's foes, and England's ills assuage !—
 Grant but that prayer, I ask for no repeal,
 A willing victim for my country's weal !
 With rapturous joy the crimson stream shall flow,
 And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow !

But should the fiend, tho' drench'd with human gore,
 Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more,
 And, arm'd from Rome, seek this devoted land,
 Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand—
 Blast her fell purpose ! blast her foul desires !
 Break short her sword, and quench her horrid fires !

Raise up some champion, zealous to maintain
 The sacred compact, by which monarchs reign !
 Wise to foresee all danger from afar,
 And brave to meet the thunders of the war !
 Let pure religion, not to forms confin'd,
 And love of freedom fill his generous mind !
 Warm let his breast with sparks celestial glow,
 Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe !

While

While sinking nations rest upon his arm,
 Do thou the great Deliverer shield from harm !
 Inspire his councils ! aid his righteous sword !
 Till Albion rings with Liberty restor'd !
 Thence let her years in bright succession run !
 And Freedom reign coæval with the sun.

'Tis done, my CA'NDISH, Heaven has heard my prayer ;
 So speaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To Belgia's coast advert thy ravish'd eyes,
 That happy coast, whence all our hopes arise !
 Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future king !
 From whose green years maturest blessings spring ;
 Whose youthful arm, when all-o'erwhelming Power
 Ruthless march'd forth, his country to devour,
 With firm brac'd nerve repell'd the brutal force,
 And stopp'd th' unwieldy giant in his course.

Great William hail ! who sceptres could despise,
 And spurn a crown with unretorted eyes !
 O ! when will princes learn to copy thee,
 And leave mankind, as Heaven ordain'd them, free !

Haste, mighty chief ! our injur'd rights restore !
 Quick spread thy sails for Albion's longing shore !
 Haste, mighty chief ! ere millions groan enslav'd ;
 And add three realms to one already saved !

While Freedom lives, thy memory shall be dear,
 And reap fresh honours each returning year ;
 Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal fame,
 And endless ages bless thy glorious name !

Then

Then shall my CA'NDISH, foremost in the field,
 By justice arm'd, his sword conspicuous wield;
 While willing legions crowd around his car,
 And rush impetuous to the righteous war.
 On that great day be every chance defied,
 And think thy RUSSELL combats by thy side;
 Nor, crown'd with victory, cease thy generous toil,
 Till firmest peace secure this happy isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open heart believe
 Professions specious, forg'd but to deceive;
 Fear may extort them, when resources fail,
 But O! reject the baseless, flattering tale.

Think not that promises, or oaths can bind,
 With solemn ties, a Rome-devoted mind;
 Which yields to all the holy juggler faith,
 And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith.
 What though the Bigot raise to Heaven his eyes;
 And call the Almighty witness from the skies!
 Soon as the wish'd occasion he explores,
 To plant the Roman cross on England's shores,
 All, all will vanish, while his priests applaud;
 And faint the perjurer for the pious fraud.

Far let him fly these freedom-breathing climes,
 And seek proud Rome, the fosterer of his crimes;
 There let him strive to mount the Papal chair,
 And scatter empty thunders in the air,
 Grimly preside in Superstition's school,
 And curse those kingdoms he could never rule.

Here

Here let me pause, and bid the world adieu,
While Heaven's bright mansions open to my view! —

Yet still one care, one tender care remains;
My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains!
Watch o'er my Son, inform his waxen youth,
And mould his mind to virtue and to truth;
Soon let him learn fair liberty to prize,
And envy him, who for his country dies;
In one short sentence to comprize the whole,
Transfuse to his the virtues of thy soul.

Preserve thy life, my too, too generous friend,
Nor seek with mine thy happier fate to blend!
Live for thy country, live to guard her laws,
Proceed, and prosper in the glorious cause;
While I, though vanquish'd, scorn the field to fly,
But boldly face my foes, and bravely die.

Let princely MONMOUTH courtly wiles beware,
Nor trust too far to fond paternal care;
Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell,
Heaven only knows how noble ESSEX fell!
SIDNEY yet lives, whose comprehensive mind
Ranges at large through systems unconfin'd;
Wrapt in himself, he scorns the tyrant's power,
And hurls defiance even from the Tower;
With tranquil brow awaits the unjust decree,
And, arm'd with virtue, looks to follow me.

CA'NDISH, farewell! may Fame our names entwine!
Through life I lov'd thee, dying I am thine;

With

Wh pious rites let dust to dust be thrown,
And thus inscribe my monumental stone.

“ Here RUSSEL lies, enfranchis’d by the grave;
“ He priz’d his birthright, nor would live a slave.
“ Few were his words, but honest and sincere,
“ Dear were his friends, his country still more dear;
“ In parents, children, wife, supremely blest’d,
“ But that one passion swallow’d all the rest;
“ To guard her freedom was his only pride,
“ Such was his love, and for that love he died.”

Yet fear not thou, when Liberty displays
Her glorious flag, to steer his course to praise;
For know, (whoe’er thou art that read’st his fate,
And think’st, perhaps, his sufferings were too great,)
Blest’d as he was, at her imperial call,
Wife, children, parents, he resign’d them all;
Each fond affection then forsook his soul,
And AMOR PATRIÆ occupied the whole;
In that great cause he joy’d to meet his doom,
Blest’d the keen axe, and triumph’d o’er the tomb.

The hour draws near — But what are hours to me?
Hours, days, and years hence undistinguish’d flee!
Time, and his glass unheeded pass away,
Absorb’d, and lost in one vast flood of day!
On Freedom’s wings my soul is borne on high,
And soars exulting to its native sky!

A BIRTH-DAY OFFERING TO A
YOUNG LADY.

FROM HER LOVER.

BY THE SAME.

ERE this short winter's day be gone,
My MARY ANNE is twenty one.

Of days still shorter just a Lent,
Patch'd up from different years, is spent,
Since her Devoted fairly reckon'd
The close of year the thirty-second.

Bending beneath the weight of years,
Full as infirm as he appears,

What can a worn-out lover do,
With twenty-one, at thirty two?

For such a phrenzy no defence is—
The girl has clearly lost her senses.

Perhaps deceiv'd by some fond notion,

Embrac'd in rapture of devotion,

(I quote such fancies to expose 'em)

She dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom;

And chuses an Antique the rather,

With better grace to call him father.

Perhaps—but fiction be suppress'd,
While real joy expands my breast—

My faithful flame her heart approves;
And O ! transporting thought ! she loves.

When Souls, by impulse-sympathetick,
By intuition most prophetick,
By feelings, which they cannot smother,
Leap at first glance to meet each other,
When each itself in t'other traces,
What matter for their different cases ?
Of kin, perhaps, in pre-existence,
Without dull Reason's slow assistance,
'They recollect the happy union,
And long to recommence communion.
I must confess that such attraction,
For ease, convenience, satisfaction,
Were best if, on deliberation,
It met with Reason's approbation :
Not as of absolute dominion,
To rule by dint of dark opinion ;
Not as a Lord of sovereign sway,
Whom love must worship and obey ;
But merely as the herd inferior
May judge the acts of Powers superior ;
As my poor intellect, or thine,
May scan authority divine—
In short, I'd have our simple love,
Not *against* reason, but *above*.

Two birds, suppose, of various feather,
Hung in one room by chance together,

To airs melodious tune their voices,
 While each the other's ear rejoices :
 If, without half a note erroneous,
 The song be perfectly harmonious,
 What matter for the forms or ages,
 Of bills, of feathers, and of cages ?

DEAN SWIFT, whose talent lives no more,
 His Stella sung at forty-four ;
 And breath'd an idle wish to split
 In twain her beauty, years, and wit—
 Of half her charms he made a proffer
 For youth ; but Time disdain'd his offer.
 Far happier I, who well could spare,
 Of each accomplishment a share,
 Yet leave an ample store of charms,
 To bring Elysium to my arms,
 Am not reduc'd those charms to barters,
 And cry to heedless Time for quarter—
 Fly, Sluggard, on thy swiftest wing,
 My charmer yields not All till Spring !

Then, firm in Constancy's reliance,
 I bid thy cruel scythe defiance ;
 Deal when thou wilt the deadly blow,
 Thou canst but separate below,
 Thy first can but for moments sever,
 Thy second re-unites for ever.

Perhaps, suspending mortal rage,
 By silent sap, and creeping age,

By subtle, secret, slow approaches,
 As mildew on the blade incroaches,
 Thou hop'st, malignant fiend ! to tame
 The ardour of love's fiercest flame—
 Vain shalt thou find thy keenest blast,
 Bliss once possess'd, thy power is past.
 Can years, while sense remains, destroy
 The memory of transcendent joy ?
 Can years bright Innocence impair ?
 Can years make Virtue look less fair ?

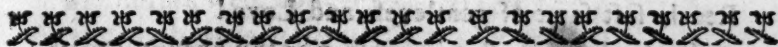
But Beauty, by thy influence curst,
 May sicken—Tyrant, do thy worst !
 I know thy power, and am prepar'd
 To meet thy sharpest darts unscar'd.
 Though Body, Mind, thou canst controul,
 Own thy survivor in the Soul ;
 Whose perfect bliss is not enjoy'd,
 Till thou art utterly destroy'd.

Ev'n here, as health and beauty fail,
 While lilies o'er the rose prevail,
 Long ere thy menac'd ills can harm,
 Though every hour should steal a charm—
 Long ere, by twenty stars a day,
 The spangled Heavens would wear away.

Unconscious of the gradual wane,
 As years their empire slowly gain,
 While my Ideas, in the race,
 Observe a due-proportioned pace,

And limbs grow cold, and senses faulter,
 I sha'nt perceive her Person alter.
 When Age her dimpled cheek beguiles,
 And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,
 Though every Cupid he should smother,
 I'll think her handsome as their mother.
 When, steady to his barbarous plan,
 To spoil my lovely MARY ANNE,
 The savage unrelenting creature
 Has robb'd her face of every feature,
 And, to conceptions merely common,
 My charmer seems a plain old woman,
 Still in my heart she'll hold her throne,
 Still in my eyes be twenty-one,

ELEGY.



A N E L E G Y.

BY SIR E — G —.

*In every varied posture, place, and hour,
 How widow'd every thought of every joy!
 Thought, busy thought, too busy for my peace!
 Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past;
 In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
 And finds all desert now.*

YOUNG.

IN Burton's favourite groves, alas, how chang'd
 By Charlotte's death! oft let me devious rove
 Indulging grief; where glad some once I rang'd,
 In sweet society with Peace and Love.

Oft in the silent evening, all alone,
 When solemn twilight shades the face of day,
 The plaintive Muse shall hither waft her moan;
 With tenderest passion here inspire my lay.

These hours, allotted to that Muse's hand,
 To latest time thy memory shall endear;
 While soft ideas rise at her command,
 And in luxurious sorrow prompt the tear.

M 4

Recal,

Recal, soft fame of gentleness and Love!

That calm, which triumph'd o'er thy parting breath;
That blooming texture by the Graces wove:
—And are those eyes for ever set in Death?

One more—and then—farewel! one lingering view
Tore my fond soul from all it held so dear:
Twas o'er!—farewel—my joys: sweet hope, adieu!
—Adieu, my love!—We part for ever here:

No! in the still of night, my restless thought
Pursues thy image thro' its change unknown;
Steals oft unnotic'd to the dreary vault,
And in that vale of Sorrow pours my own:

Nor, since the hour that clos'd our blooming scene,
Once has it wander'd from its darling trust:
It sounds thy voice; still animates thy mien;
And haunts thy slumbers in the sacred dust,

Each conscious walk of Tenderness and Joy,
Thy faithful partner oft alone shall tread;
Recount, while anguish heaves the frequent sigh,
How bliss on bliss thy smiling influence shed!

Though mine be many—many rolling years!
Extatic thought shall linger still on thee!
Time rolls in vain—Remembrance, with her tears—
—You that have lost an angel—pity me!

Thy

Thy smiles were mine—were oft; and only mine;
Nor yet forsook me in the face of death;
E'en now they live—still o'er thy beauties shine:
For Fancy's magic can restore thy breath.

Painful reflection!—can the active mind,
Which penetrates the vast expanse of Day,
Long languish in this palsied mass confin'd,
Nor burst these fetters of obtruding clay?

Ah, no!—she beckons me—for yet she lives!
Lives in yon regions of unfading joy!
She points the fair reward that Virtue gives;
—Which chance, nor change, nor ages can destroy.

Let Folly animate this transient scene
With every bloom that Fancy can supply!
Reflection bends not on a point so mean;
Nor courts this moment, since the next we die.

The dearest objects hasten to decay:
(An awful lesson to the pensive mind!)
My Charlotte's beauties so soon pass'd away:
Nor left, but in my heart, a wreck behind!

A SONG.



A S O N G.

BY DR. O——.

NOW Evening had tinged the gay landskip with gold,
 The swains were retired, and their flocks in the fold,
 When Delia complain'd in the woodland alone;
 Loud ecchoes retain'd, and replied to her moan,
 The warblers sat listening around on the spray,
 And the gale stole in murmurs as soft as her lay.

“ Ah, my Strephon ! (twas thus the fair mourner begun,)
 How cruel to leave me thus lost and undone !
 Your vows like the wind you forget or despise,
 You slight my complaints, and are deaf to my cries ;
 The frown once so dreadful, ah ! where is its power ?
 The voice heard with transport, gives transport no more,

“ Though the Sylvans to please me exert all their powers,
 Though the swains crown my head with a garland of flowers,
 Though they swear that my eyes like the morning are gay,
 That my song is more sweet, than the nightingales lay,

Yet

Yet while Strephon is absent, dejected, dismay'd,
I droop like a flower that repines in the shade.

“ O return, gentle Shepherd, return to my prayer !
Ah think how I sigh in unpitied despair !—
But in vain all my hopes ! all my wishes are vain !
While the streams and the breezes thus hear me complain,
While the birds to my anguish reply from the bough,
He flies from my arms, and regards not my woe.

“ Ah ! too easy to trust all the oaths that he swore,
When he vow'd that no Nymph had e'er charm'd him
before.
Be warn'd then, ye Fair, nor too rashly believe ;
Think the men when they flatter, but want to deceive ;
That the fond easy promise was ne'er meant to bind ;
And believe when they swear, that their oaths are all wind.”



THE TULIP AND LILY.

BY MR. B——Y.

HIGH o'er the bed, conspicuous seen,
A Tulip rose, the garden's queen.
Never on Holland's foggy strand
Was taller rear'd by Dutchman's hand :

Never

Never was Flora known t' imprint
 On Tulip's leaf a brighter tint,
 Or lead with more fantastic freak,
 On Tulip's leaf the varying streak.

Beneath the tow'ring Tulip's shade,
 In nought but simple white array'd,
 And shelter'd from th' intruding view,
 A Lily of the valley grew ;
 The humblest plant of all the train
 That deck the mountain or the plain,
 Or on the river's margin blow,
 And paint the dancing scene below.
 Unenvying she the praise could hear
 Of finer flow'rs that flaunted near :
 And she could see without a sigh
 The saucy Zephyr pass her by,
 To woo the Pink, more gayly dress'd,
 Or pant upon the Rose's breast.

It chanc'd upon a May-day morn,
 When blossoms crowd the whitening thorn,
 With more than usual lustre bright,
 The genial God of heat and light,
 Thro' the blue heavens pursu'd his course,
 And shone with more than Summer force.
 Each flow'r that glow'd in bright array
 Witness'd the life-imparting day :
 The Tulip too, above the rest,
 The vigorous warmth with joy confess'd.

What

What transport in her bosom swell'd,
 Each varying streak when she beheld
 Withdraw from the pursuing eye,
 And shift into the neighb'ring dye !
 The Lily's charms, and humbler state,
 She view'd with boundless joy elate ;
 And thus unable to refrain,
 Broke out in contumelious strain :
 " How vary, midst the garden's race,
 " The marks of bounteous Nature's grace !
 " How boasts th' imperial Tulip's flow'r
 " The effort of her vig'rous pow'r !
 " Who e'er could view without surprise,
 " Th' expanded leaf, and glossy dyes !
 " The colours that together run,
 " And wave and brighten in the sun !
 " Whilst she that blossoms in my shade,
 " As tho' to spring from earth afraid,
 " No leaf expands, nor dye displays,
 " Nor wins surprise, nor merits praise.
 " Behold yon butterfly so fine,
 " Whose brightness almost equals mine,
 " That hovers o'er the gay parterre,
 " And hangs on wav'ring wings in air ;
 " What tho' from flow'r to flow'r he sport,
 " And pay to all a passing court ;
 " In vain with deepen'd tints they glow,
 " And flutter to the flutt'ring beau,

" In vain each envious rival burns,
 " To kindred finery still he turns,
 " On me at length delights to rest,
 " And spread his plumage o'er my breast."

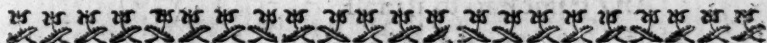
To these proud taunts, and more beside,
 The Lily not a word replied,
 But hung her head with modest grace,
 Nor look'd th' insulter in the face.

Not so the Bee, who murmur'd near,
 And chanc'd th' opprobrious strain to hear.
 Ill-pleas'd to see the flow'r neglected,
 Which she so honour'd and respected !
 From whose full cup she daily drew
 So large a share of precious dew ;
 Whilst from her high and mighty neighbour
 She scarcely got what paid her labour ;
 Thus, settled on the Lily's breast,
 Her indignation she exprest :

" And whence proceeds the haughty strain,
 " Thou flow'r, so useless, and so vain !
 " Forget you, then, from whence you sprung,
 " The tawdry child of fordid dung !
 " What tho' in varying colours bright,
 " You glare awhile upon the sight ;
 " The transient hour of blooming o'er,
 " Your faded charms attract no more,
 " And all your finery quite forgot :
 " Unmarkt you wither, and you rot.

" Now

" Now hither turn but your reflection,
 " You'll kiss the rod of my correction.
 " This flow'r, on whom so rude you prest,
 " In Nature's simplest cloathing drest,
 " From her our num'rous tribes derive
 " The choicest sweets that store the hive:
 " And she, meek daughter of the vale,
 " That growing scents the passing gale,
 " Not less revives the ravish'd sense,
 " When rooted and remov'd from hence.
 " On Chloe's breast still seen to blow,
 " Adds whiteness to the dazzling snow:
 " And dealing sweetness, tho' in death,
 " Perfumes e'en Chloe's fragrant breath."



THE INVITATION.

BY THE SAME.

A WAKE, my fair, the morning springs,
 The dew-drops glance around,
 The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,
 The echoing vales resound.

Where

The simple sweets would STELLA taste,
That breathing morning yields,
The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,
And freshness of the fields.

By uplands, and the greenwood-side,
We'll take our early way,
And view the valley spreading wide,
And opening with the day.

Nor uninstruative shall the scene
Unfold its charms in vain,
The fallow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain and the plain.

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to its fall,
Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,
In Fancy's ear shall call,

" O ye in Youth and Beauty's pride,
" Who lightly dance along;
" While Laughter frolicks at your side,
" And Rapture tunes your song;

" What though each grace around you play,
" Each beauty bloom for you,
" Warm as the blush of rising day,
" And sparkling as the dew :

" The

" The blush that glows so gaily now,
" But glows to disappear ;
" And quiv'ring from the bending bough,
" Soon breaks the pearly tear !

" So pass the beauties of your prime,
" That e'en in blooming die ;
" So, shrinking at the blast of Time,
" The treach'rous graces fly."

Let those, my STELLA, flight the strain,
Who fear to find it true !
Each fair of transient beauty vain,
And youth as transient too !

With charms that win beyond the fight,
And hold the willing heart,
My STELLA shall await their flight,
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
And beauties still controul,
The graces of the polish'd mind,
And beauties of the soul.



THE METAMORPHOSE.

BY THE SAME.

WITH rolling time that all things change,
Has oft been said, and oft been sung:

One instance more ; the difference strange

'Twixt WITWOUND old, and WITWOUND young!

In youth, compound of curls and lace,

Of giggle, fidget, and of froth;

One simper dimpled in his face,

No butterfly more void of wrath.

Pleas'd with himself, with all well-pleas'd,

The flutterer scarce could give offence:

Or if he teaz'd, with nought he teaz'd,

But simple, pure, impertinence.

Now view him in declining age,

Assume the sour satyric frown:

On friends and foes discharge his rage,

The very SCARECROW of the town.

So Flies, in frisk, and buzz, and play,
 That harmless through the summer past,
 When ready to be swept away,
 Grow blind, and sting us at the last.



THE SINE QUO^A NON.

BY THE SAME.

WITH MUCKWORM lately as in chat
 I pass'd the sober hours,
 The mice, for MUCKWORM keeps no cat,
 Came trooping in by scores.

When famine leads, what thing can daunt,
 Our courage what abate?
 Each mouse was as the mastiff gaunt,
 That growl'd before the gate.

Their mien so grim alarm'd I spied,
 And looks of desperate woe:
 "And why neglect, my friend," I cried,
 "To chase the threatening foe?"

N 2

"True

" True 'tis that, any more than you,

" They cannot eat your self :

" But then of other food in lieu,

" They may devour yourself.

" And think how odd th' account would sound,

" Should future annals tell,

" MUCKWORM fell not by hungry hound ",

" By hungry mice he fell.

" Then drive the furious vermin hence;

" To ward such dire mishap :

" Nor fret, I pray you, for th' expence,

" Myself will lend the trap."

" Your offer's kind," friend MUCKWORM cried,

" And highly do I rate it :

" But when the trap's by you supplied,

" Who'll lend the cheese to bait it ?

" Alluding to the Fable of *Ant and Grasshopper*

To

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

ON HIS LATE RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

BY THE REV. WALTER HARTE.

*Sed nihil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere,
Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios, possimque videre
Errare atque viam palentes quærere vita.*

LUCRET. l. ii. v. 6.

AT length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'st, O STANHOPE, Providence's care:
"Life's sun, we read, when heaven a respite lends,
"Ten degrees back against the shade descends *."
By wisdom purify'd, by age inspir'd;
For twice nine years in Greenwich groves retir'd;
Rapt like Elijah in the ærial car,
Thou wisely mark'st this busy world from far:

* See the story of Hezekiah, and the dial of Ahaz, Isaiah, ch. xxxviii ver. 3.

Confidérate.

Where Avarice and Ambition vainly run,
 This to undo, and that to be undone. —
 Considerate truths are now thy favourite themes ;
 Age may see visions, tho' our youth dream'd dreams :
 Hail truly wise, and good ! O happier thou
 Than if state diadems had grac'd thy brow !

Like sage *ÆNEAS*^y, mantled in a cloud,
 Unseen you see the falshood of the crowd :
 Brother his brother cheats, and friend his friend : —
 Life's vain wise men prove blockheads in the end. —
 Thou seest, like *ADAM*^z by the archangel led,
 The many peopled earth beneath thee spread ;
 (Thy eyes much purg'd with euphrasy and rue^a,
 For even a *CHESTERFIELD* has much to view)
 Thou seest like him the plagues of human strife,
 The snares of greatness, emptiness of life,
Abner's sincerity, and *Joab's* heart,
Achitophel's deep schemes, and *Zimri's* part ;
Shimei's ill-nature, and (to mark the times)
 The flattery of *Og's* and *Doeg's* rhymes.
 O still contemplate, look thro' Reason's eye, —
 For hours are precious ages when we die !

Thus, even in Pagan times, the chosen few,
Pomponius, *Scipio*, *Atticus*, withdrew :
 Thus *Dioclesian*, with true greatness fir'd,
 From lordly Rome to Spalatro retir'd ;

^y Virgil's *Æneid* IV.

^z *Paradise Lost*, l. xi. v. 270.

^a *Ibid.* p. 412.

Exchang'd the imperial fasces for a spade,
 And left court sunshine for the sylvan shade ;
 Lord of himself, monarch of fields and plains,
 By Nature call'd to rule, and crown'd by swains.

EPITAPH ON MRS. SARAH MENCE.

BY THE SAME.

PEACE to the ashes, and the virtuous mind,
 Of her who liv'd in peace with all mankind !
 Humbly religious, silently sincere,
 Humane to others, to herself severe.
 Learn'd from the heart, unknowing of disguise,
 Truth in her thoughts, and candour in her eyes ;
 Who sacrific'd no faith to private ends ;
 Without reserve devoted to her friends.
 Stranger alike to party and to pride,
 Good sense her light, the word of God her guide ;
 She gave to piety her early days,
 And breath'd in dying hours her Maker's praise.
 Happy, who thus the soul to Heaven engage,
 Their youth's first choice, their last desire in age.

K Y M B E R : A M O N O D Y .

B Y M R . P O T T E R .

YE T once more ye lov'd poplars, and once more
My silver Yare, your hallow'd haunts I tread,
The bough-inwoven bank, the damask mead,
And seek the sweet shade of the woodbine bower,
If haply here the British Muse abide:
For not on Isis' academic side,
Nor where proud Thamis rolls his royal waves
Thro' forest brown or sunny meadow fair,
Her rapture-breathing voice enchants the ear
Nor in those fields that honoured Camus laves;
He, reverend sire, the sacred groves beneath
Oft deckt with laureat wreath,
Thro' the still valleys winds his pensive way
Without the sweet note of one warbled song;
Save ever and anon some plaintive lay
Pours its soft airs, the rustic tombs among,
To the low winds that thro' his osses breathe,
And murmur to the rustling reeds beneath.

Does she o'er Cambria's rugged mountains stray,
Snowdon's rude cliffs, or huge Plinlimmon's height?
Or in rough Conway's foaming floods delight,
That down the steep rocks urge their headlong way?

There

There chaunts the raptur'd bard in solemn strain
 Malgo's strong lance, Cadwallin's puissant reign,
 High deeds recorded yet in druid songs :
 Or swells his woe-wild notes, of power to spread
 Chill horror round the ruthless tyrant's head,
 For Urien's fate, for bleeding Modred's wrongs,
 And smites the harp in dreadful harmony.
 Or does she love to lie
 In the mild shade of Hulla's softer groves,
 And twine the vermeil wreath to grace the youth,
 Whose rapt breast glows, as o'er the beach he roves,
 Touch'd with the sacred flame of star-bright truth ;
 Whilst to her lore his manly measure flows,
 " And wakes old Humber from his deep repose."

Yet deign, if not to dwell, thy presence deign
 Here, heavenly visitant ; and with thee bring
 The loftiest note that swell'd the sounding string,
 When stern Tyrtæus rais'd the heroic strain ;
 To arms the warrior poet smote his lyre,
 And all Laconia caught the martial fire.
 Thee too, harmonious Maid, the strings obey ;
 Strike them, and bid the inspiring numbers flow,
 Bid Britain's sons with Sparta's spirit glow,
 And rouse old Albion with thy awful lay.
 Thy lay shall well-born Wodehouse deign to hear,
 As now with generous care

From

From Honour's fount th' enlivening streams he brings
 To visit as they flow, that silver bower,
 Where the fair plant of publick virtue springs,
 And breathes pure fragrance from each glowing flower;
 Like heaven's own amarant th' immortal tree
 Shoots, blooms, and bears; the growth of KIMBERLEY.

Hast thou no verse then, heavenly Virgin say,
 By Truth attun'd on Fancy's fairy plain;
 No solemn air, no hymn of higher vein,
 To hail the blessed morn's auspicious ray,
 When, these tall towers rejoicing to behold,
 Forth walk'd the orient sun, array'd in gold,
 First on their glittering tops t' impress his beams;
 Thence, glancing downwards, sparkled on the tide
 That bends along yon hoar grove's moss-grown side,
 And scattered crimson o'er its azure streams?
 The Naiads, hasting from their coral caves
 Beneath the chrystal waves,
 (In pearled braids their amber tresses bound)
 Thrice wav'd their hands, and hail'd the rising towers:
 The wood-nymphs too, with florist chaplets crown'd,
 Forsook their groves, forsook their broidered bowers;
 And thrice their hands they wav'd, and thrice they said,
 "Raise, ye fair structures, raise your towery head!"

Next

Next K^YM^BE^R came, slow winding o'er the lea,
 His beard and sedge-crown'd locks all silver'd o'er
 With reverend eld, as winter breathing froze
 Hangs on the bare boughs of the spangled tree :
 His urn was silver fretted round with gold,
 With Runic rhimes imboss'd, and figures old,
 The illustrious monuments of British fame :
 Here stout Tenantius draws his righteous sword
 To crush the curs'd rule of a foreign lord,
 And spreads unconquered Freedom's sacred flame :
 There war-worn Kymbeline, by victor's power
 Forth driven from princely bower,
 To the thick shelter of these shades retir'd,
 Feeding high thoughts and flames of vengeful war,
 (Like a chac'd lion with fell fury fir'd)
 Writhes on the lurking traitor's close-couch'd spear,
 And bids the conscious grove, and bids the plain,
 And kindred stream, his honoured name retain.

High on her warlike car BONDUCA stands,
 The plumed helmet glittering on her brow,
 Whilst loose in streams of gold her tresses flow,
 The bow and pointed javelin grace her hands ;
 Deliberate courage lightens in her eye,
 And conscious worth, and inborn majesty ;
 Heroic empress ! as thy virtues spread,
 Rome's ravening eagle cowers his quivering wings,
 Hope smiles, fair Liberty her blessings brings,
 And heaven-born Glory rays thy sacred head.

Grac'd

Grac'd with these sculptur'd scenes of ancient fame
 With stately step he came ;
 Nor wanted in his way melodious sound
 From pipe or pastoral reed, or dulcet voice
 Of Nymph or Naiad him enringing round,
 Or quiring birds that in his shade rejoice,
 Or gently warbling wind, or water's fall
 Soft trickling from his urn in murmurs musical.

Then on the stately structure's towery height
 With conscious pride he fix'd his raptur'd eyes ;
 And as past scenes of ancient glory rise
 Arrang'd on Fancy's field in order bright,
 He paus'd ; then graceful bow'd his reverend head,
 And thus in lofty strain due homage paid.
 " Ye strong-bas'd battlements, ye gorgeous walls,
 " Ye princely structures, that with splendor crown'd,
 " Shine o'er your wide dominion stretching round,
 " To you with friendly voice your KYMBER calls,
 " And bids you hail ! thereto he adds your name
 " Renown'd in ancient fame,
 " Hail Wodehouse-tower ! To tell you with what pride,
 " What triumph he your glittering state surveys,
 " That dignifies his lilly-silver'd fide,
 " And wakes sweet memory of those glorious days,
 " When full-plum'd Victory wav'd her golden wing,
 " And deckt with trophies proud his honoured spring.

" Yes,

- “ Yes, KYMBER ! now thou may’st with jôy retrace
 “ The long succession of thy patriot line ;
 “ With joy behold the unclouded lustre shine
 “ Which Virtue beams around her favour’d race.
 “ Canst thou forget the Lord of Wodehouse-tower,
 “ Whose strong built bastions scorn’d the Norman’s power ?
 “ From Deva’s banks (whose mystic waters glide
 “ By holy Whitchurch, thro’ those pastur’d plains
 “ Long since the warlike Talbot’s rich domains,
 “ When from Blackmere he brought his lovely bride,
 “ The fair L’Estrange) thou saw’st the stout knight lead
 “ To Silfield’s happier mead
 “ His Saxon train. There Beauclerk’s royal ray
 “ Shin’d on his battailous bold offspring, try’d
 “ In many a hard and chevalrous assay,
 “ When ^b Neustria’s fields with crimson gore he dy’d,
 “ Spread vengeful flames revolted Bayeux round,
 “ And dash’d the rampir’d pride of Caën to the ground.
 “ Oft as Britannia’s royal ensign way’d,
 “ And the stern clarion call’d in field to fight,
 “ The warlike WODEHOUSE march’d with prowess might,
 “ And the rough front of deathful danger brav’d.
 “ Let Bara tell, and let Bodotria tell,
 “ Fort, lough, and river, mountain, wood, and dell,

^b Sir George de Wodehouse attended Henry I. on his expedition into Normandy, A. D. 1104.

- " All that from southern Eiden's flowery lea
 " Reaches to bleak Strathnavern's northern strand;
 " Was his sword sheath'd, when ^c Edward's iron hand
 " Spread desolation wide from sea to sea?
 " Or when the fable warrior's lifted lance
 " Glar'd in the eyes of France,
 " Was WODEHOUSE wanting to the hero's fame?
 " Let Crecy tell, and Poitiers purple plain,
 " And captive Valois' ^d hallowed oriflame,
 " His dreadless hardiment let ^e Glequin's chain
 " Record, and brave ^e Dandrehen's froward fate,
 " And poor Castilia's tyrant-wielded state.
 " Who has not heard of Somme's affrighted flood,
 " How mournfully his cumber'd streams he roll'd
 " O'er shining hauberks, shields, and helms of gold,
 " His crystal current stain'd with prince's blood,
 " When daring Delabreth in wanton pride
 " The warlike Henry's way-worn troop defied?

^c Edward I. whom Sir Bertram de Wodehouse accompanied in his wars in Scotland.

^d The Oriflame was a banner of gold and flame-colour'd silk, consecrated and kept in the abbey of St. Denys. From the high opinion the French had of its virtue, it was made the royal standard by Lewis VI. and continued such till Charles VII. brought in use the white coronet.

^e Two gallant commanders in the army of Henry earl of Treſtſmare, whom the Black Prince (attended by the flower of the English troops, among whom was Sir William de Wodehouse) defeated and took prisoners on the frontiers of Castile, thereby restoring Peter, surnamed the Cruel.

" But

" But all this gallant trim and rich array,
 " Lay soil'd in dust, when Bedford's burnisht spear
 " Flam'd in their front, and thunder'd in their rear,
 " And York's bright blade hew'd out his dreadful way.
 " Rouze, royal England, rouze thy matchless might,
 " And with a dragon's flight
 " Sweep o'er th' ensanguin'd plains of Agincourt :
 " And see thy Wodehouse, whose strong arm subdu'd
 " The ruin'd bulwarks of yon aged fort,
 " His golden chevron charg'd with f drops of blood,
 " Rests on the woodmen wild that bear his shield,
 " And hails thee victor of the well fought field !

" Can I forget how blythe my eddies roll'd
 " And kiss'd their crisp'd banks, when to Tewksbury's plain
 " My gallant son led his heroic train,
 " Stout earls, and princely dukes, and barons bold ?
 " Yet, ah for pity ! these fierce hostings cease,
 " That maiden blossom wears the badge of peace,

f For this gallant action, Henry V. as a perpetual augmentation of honour, assigned him the crest of an hand, stretched from a cloud, holding a club, and this motto, *FRAPPE FORTE* : and the savage, or wild man, holding a club, which was the antient crest of the family, was now omitted; and two of them placed as supporters to the arms, which had a further augmentation of honour added in the shield, viz. on the Chevron Gutte de Sang, as they are born to this day.

g Sir Edward Wodehouse, who was knighted at Tewksbury, attended Edward IV. into the North, with two hundred men at arms, furnished at his own charge; being attended in his own retinue with two dukes, seven earls, thirty-one barons, and fifty-nine knights.

And

- " And will you dye her white leaves red in blood ?
 " But if your flaming courage pricks you forth,
 " See where the prowling pilferers of the North
 " With inroad foul o'er Tine's forbidden flood
 " Rush from their bleak hills, lur'd with scent of prey :
 " Brook they your firm array ?
 " Far humbler thoughts on Elke's embattail'd banks
 " They learn'd, as Somerset's victorious spear
 " With foul disorder broke their bleeding ranks :
 " Whilst vengeful^h Wodehouse taught their proud hearts fear,
 " And bade his thunders tell them, as they fled,
 " The brother triumphs where the brother bled.

 " But not on camps and fighting fields alone
 " My glory rests ; when turtle-pennon'd Peace
 " Hush'd War's harsh roar, and bade his fury cease,
 " In these lov'd shades her softest lustre shone.
 " Here heaven-rapt Piety delights to dwell,
 " Train'd inⁱ monastic Flitcham's holy cell ;
 " Here plants her palm, whose hallowed branches spread
 " O'er towered^k Richmond's consecrated shrine,
 " And form'd the only wreath e'er taught to twine
 " Round desolate Caernarvon's hapless head.

^h Sir William de Wodehouse was vice-admiral of the English fleet, and knighted for his noble service in the battle of Musselborough, where his elder brother Thomas was killed, A. D. 1547.

ⁱ Sir William de Wod house founded the monastery at Flitcham, and made a cell to Walsingham, about the year 1260.

^k Roger de Wodehouse, a younger brother, was dean, or rather archdeacon, of Richmond, and chaplain to Edward II.

" E'en

- " E'en that strong arm, which stretching from a cloud
 " Crests the atchievement proud
 " Imprest with Agincourt's emblazon'd name,
 " Among his laurels wove this sacred bough,
 " Ennobling valour with Devotion's flame,
 " ¹ And taught the warbled orison to flow,
 " As 'midst the taper'd choir the solemn priest
 " Chaunts to the victor saint high heaven's eternal rest.
 " Here the firm guardians of the publick weal,
 " Inspir'd with Freedom's heaven-descended flame,
 " Rose nobly faithful to their country's fame;
 " ^m In frequent senates pour'd their ardent zeal,
 " Dash'd the base bribe from curs'd Corruption's hand,
 " And sav'd from scepter'd Pride the sinking land.
 " Or, ⁿ prompt to answer bleeding Europe's call,
 " To distant realms bore Britain's high behest,
 " Bade the sword sleep, gave gasping nations rest,
 " And taught the doubtful balance where to fall.

^k See note (c) relating to the crest and atchievement of the family: the impress on the shield is AGINCOURT.

¹ He obtained licence of Henry V. to found a chauntry priest to sing for the souls of that prince, and his queen, of his beloved esquire John Wodehouse, and his wife, their ancestors, and posterity, in the cathedral church of Norwich.

^m This family has served with an inviolable integrity in twenty-seven parliaments; in sixteen of which they have been returned for the county of Norfolk.

ⁿ Sir Thomas Wodehouse, knight of the Bath, was sent ambassador into
 Vol. III. O into

" But in the softer hour of social joy,
 " When ceas'd the high employ,
 " These woodland walks, these tufted dales among
 " The silver-sounding Muses built their bower,
 " Made vocal with the lute-attemper'd song;
 " Whilst blooming Courtesy's gold-spangled flower,
 " Cull'd by the Graces, spread its brightest glow
 " To deck unswerving Honour's manly brow.

" And you, age-honoured oaks ! whose solemn shades
 " Environ this fair mansion, proudly stand
 " The sacred^o nurslings of Eliza's hand,
 " When she with sovereign glory grac'd your glades,
 " And pleas'd beheld her^p Boleyn's kindred line
 " Ennobled with your trophied honours shine.
 " Spring creffless cravens from such roots as these?
 " Ask the pale^q Groyne, ask Tayo's trembling tide,
 " Ask Cadiz weeping o'er her ruin'd pride,
 " And Austria scourg'd o'er all the subject seas.

into France by Henry VII. Another Sir Thomas was sent into France, Spain, and Italy, to qualify himself for the highest employments, by Henry, son to James I.

^r The oaks upon the hill, where the house now stands, were planted in honour of queen Elizabeth, the day she was at Kymberley, A. D. 1578.

^p Thomas Wodehouse, who was killed at Musselborough, married a Shelton, whose mother was a Boleyn.

^q Sir Philip Wodehouse served queen Elizabeth both by sea and land, at home, in Portugal, and in Spain : he was knighted for his service at Cadiz by the earls of Essex and Nottingham, the queen's generals.

. From

- " From this deep root my blooming branches spread,
 " And rais'd their florish'd head,
 " Chear'd with the princely ' Henry's orient ray ;
 " Till, rising on the morn, importune Night
 " Spreads her black veil, and blots his golden day ;
 " Darkness ensues, dark deeds, and impious might ;
 " Whilst Discord, mounted on his iron car,
 " Cries havock, and lets slip the dogs of war.
 " What then could virtue, ' fall'n on evil days,
 " On evil days thus fall'n, and evil tongues,
 " With dangers compass'd, and oppress'd with wrongs,
 " Save to the wild woods breathe her plaintive lays,
 " And charm the shades, and teach the streams to flow
 " With all the melting melody of woe ?
 " But what avail'd or voice, or tuneful hand,
 " When hell-bred Faction, rear'd on baleful wings,
 " Stain'd with the blood of nobles and of kings,
 " Spread total desolation o'er the land ?
 " Ah KYMBER ! where was then thy princely state ?
 " Sunk in the general fate ;
 " Thy rich roofs sunk, o'er golden pendants spread ;
 " Fastolff's white croflet mouldered from the wall,
 " And Hamo's lion dropt his gold-crown'd head ;
 " The sacred chapel sunk, the festive hall ;
 " E'en thy tall towers, majestic in decay,
 " Like thy lost monarch, low in ruins lay.

r Sir Thomas Wodehouse, Bart. was in great favour with prince Henry,
 son to James I. and of his bed-chamber; at whose decease he retired to
 Kymberley.

“ Thus Britain sunk, and thus sunk Wodehouse tower ;

“ So sinks the sun, as o’er the turbid skies

“ Sudden the storm-engendering clouds arise,

“ And vex with uproar wild Night’s fearful hour ;

“ That past, his bright beams resalute the day,

“ And heighten’d splendors crown his orient ray :

“ So Britain rose, so rose my princely state.

“ But not the swelling column massy proof,

“ The moulded pediment, the fretted roof,

“ Not this fair fabric proudly elevate,

“ Tho’ fix’d by Prowse’s just palladian hand

“ Its towred honours stand ;

“ Not this clear lake, whose waving crystal spreads

“ Round yon hoar isle with awful shades imbrown’d :

“ Not these pure streams that vein the envermeil’d meads :

“ Nor those age-honoured oaks wide waving round ;

“ Exterior glories these, of humbler fame,

“ Beam not that splendent ray which dignifies my name.

“ The spark of honour kindling glorious thought,

“ The soul by warm benevolence refin’d,

“ The æthereal glow that melts th’ empassion’d mind,

“ And Virtue’s work to fair perfection brought,

“ Be these my glories. And thou, Power benign !

“ Whose living splendors round the patriot shine,

“ Immortal Genius of this far-fam’d land,

“ This scepter’d isle thron’d midst the circling sea,

“ Seat of the brave, and fortrefs of the tree,

“ Oft hast thou deign’d to take thy hallow’d stand,

“ These

- " These shades among ; at Virtue's radiant shrine
 " Oft caught the flame divine,
 " When dark Corruption dim'd thy sovereign light ;
 " Thence beam'd thy solemn soul-ennobling ray,
 " To gild these groves with all thy lustre bright,
 " Where nobly thoughtful Mordaunt loves to stray,
 " And manly Prowse with every science crown'd,
 " In Freedom's rustic seat the polish'd Graces thron'd.

 " And thou, to whom thy KYMBER tunes this strain,
 " If strain like this may reach thy nicer ear,
 " O deign in mine thy country's voice to hear,
 " Which never to a WODEHOUSE call'd in vain !
 " By the proud honours of thy martial crest,
 " The trophied tombs where thy fam'd fathers rest,
 " By Lacy's, Clervaux', Hunsdon's, Armine's name,
 " By Manhood's, Glory's, Freedom's, Virtue's praise,
 " Wake the high thought, the lofty spirit raise,
 " And blazon thy hereditary fame.
 " That fame shall live, whilst Pride's unrighteous power,
 " The pageant of an hour,
 " Fades from the guilty scene, and sinks in night :
 " That fame shall live, and spread its constant rays,
 " Warm like the blessed sun with genial light ;
 " Whilst Vice and Folly spend their baleful blaze,
 " As meteors, glaring o'er a troubled sky,
 " Shoot their pernicious fires, amaze, and die."

He ceas'd his gratulation : the high strain
 Pierc'd the thick gloom where Britain's Genius lay
 * Cover'd with charmed cloud from view of day :
 He heard, and bursting thro' the fals'd train,
 In all the majesty of empire rose,
 And issued stern to quell his vaunting foes.
 The Naiads saw, and swell'd their surging floods ;
 Old KYMBER saw, and smil'd ; the burnish'd glades
 Rejoic'd ; the groves wav'd their exulting shades ;
 And lofty Fearhou bow'd with all his woods !
 The lordly lion ramping by his side,
 He march'd in martial pride,
 And pour'd his flaming spirit o'er the land ;
 The kindling hamlets rous'd with war's alarms,
 Snatch the bright faulchion from the hireling hand,
 And bravely train their free-born youth to arms ;
 Whilst Liberty her glittering ensign waves,
 And bids each generous son disdain an host of slaves.
 Then royally on the ocean wave enthron'd,
 With all his terrors arm'd, he rode sublime,
 And roll'd his thunders o'er each hostile clime :
 Seine's filken vassals trembled at the sound ;
 The cloud-wrapt promontory shook, and all
 Its rock-bas'd rampires nodded to their fall.

* A line of Spenser's Faery Queen.

Reign

Reign ever thus, unconquer'd Britain, reign;
 Whilst thy free sons in firm battalions stand,
 And guard with lion-ramp their native land:
 Thus fix thy throne, thus rule the subject main!
 So shall bright Victory o'er thy laurel'd head
 Her eagle-pennons spread;
 Whilst soft-ey'd Peace, quitting at thy command
 Her radiant orb in yon empyreal plain,
 Waves o'er the willing world her myrtle wand:
 So shall the Muse her Doric oar disdain,
 And touch'd with sphere-born Rapture's hallow'd fire,
 Swell her triumphal notes, and sweep the golden lyre.

O D E T O H E A L T H.

BY J. H. B. ESQ.

COME, rosy Health, celestial maid,
 On Zephyr's filken wing convey'd,
 In smiles thy heavenly features drest,
 Descend, thou sweet enchanting guest
 All charming, whether you appear
 In STAMER's lovely form and air,
 Or her's who yonder shines from far
 Fair as the morning's silver star,

In youth's soft prime and beauty's pride,
 On Shannon's flower-enamell'd side;
 By shepherds, in each amorous tale,
 Yclept the * Lily of the vale.

Bright daughter of the blushing dawn,
 Nymph of the woods, and daisied lawn,
 Who fleest the busy, full resorts
 Of peopled cities, revelling courts,
 But, clad in russet, lov'st to dwell
 With Temperance in the rural cell,
 Attend the sheep-boy at his stand,
 Or ploughman o'er the furrow'd land,
 Or wait, at spring of fragrant morn,
 The opening hound, and cheering horn;
 Ever cheerful, ever gay,

Hither come and chase away,
 Sorrow of dejected eye,
 The plaintive tear, the struggling sigh,
 Disease with sickly yellow spread,
 And Pain that holds the hanging head;
 And in their stead conduct along,
 Fantastic Dance, and airy Song,
 Wit, of taste correct and fine,
 Frolic Mirth, that waits on wine,
 Hope that fans the lover's fires,
 Pleasing Follies, gay Desires,
 For these are thine, a sprightly train,
 Without thee lifeless, joyless, vain.

*Tis

'Tis you who pour o'er Beauty's face
 The artless bloom, the native grace;
 You robb'd the bashful rose, and shed
 Its soft, refin'd, delicious red
 On WALLER's cheek; 'tis you bestow
 On MANSEL's lips the ripening glow;
 With quickening spirits you supply
 The trembling lustre of her eye.

Through every form of mystic birth,
 The swarming air, the teeming earth,
 Through all the fruitful deep contains,
 Thy sovereign vital influence reigns,
 Mixes, ferments, inspires the whole,
 Pours the glad warmth, the genial soul,
 Breathes in the breeze, distills in showers,
 Swells the young bud, and wakes the flowers:
 With livelier green the herbage springs,
 The violet blows, the linnet sings,
 Its richest colouring Nature wears,
 And Pleasure leads the wanton years.

Oh! see I pine distress'd, forlorn,
 And seek in vain thy wish'd return:
 Return then, Goddess, heavenly mild,
 Indulgent now as once you smil'd,
 In golden Youth's propitious May,
 When jocund danc'd my hours away,
 With love, and joy, and rapture blest,
 And thou wast there to crown the rest.

Then,

Then, as around the Seasons range,
And years in sweet succession change,
On Shannon's silver-flowing stream,
I'll sing, and thou shalt be my theme;
Rich in my verse, thy charms shall shine,
And HAROLD's beauties yield to thine.

SWEETNESS: AN ODE.

INSCRIBED TO CLEORA.

BY MR. ROBERTSON.

—*Frons mitior aspici,*
Innubique nitens ore meridies.

CASIM. lib. I. od. xvii.

OF damask cheeks, and radiant eyes,
Let other poets tell;
Within the bosom of the fair,
Superior beauties dwell.
There all the sprightly powers of wit
In blithe assemblage play;
There every social virtue sheds
Its intellectual ray.

But

But, as the sun's refulgent light
 Heaven's wide expanse refines,
 With sovereign lustre, through the soul,
 Celestial Sweetness shines.

This mental beam dilates the heart,
 And sparkles in the face;
 It harmonizes every thought,
 And heightens every grace.

One glimpse can sooth the troubled breast,
 The heaving sigh restrain;
 Can make the bed of sickness please,
 And stop the sense of pain.

Its power can charm the savage heart,
 The tyrant's pity move;
 To smiles convert the wildest rage,
 And melt the soul to love.

When Sweetness beams upon the throne,
 In majesty benign,
 The awful splendors of a crown
 With milder lustre shine.

In scenes of poverty and woe,
 Where melancholy dwells,
 The influence of this living ray
 The dreary gloom dispels.

Thus

Thus, when the blooming spring returns,
To cheer the mournful plains,
Through earth and air, with genial warmth,
Ethereal mildness reigns.

Beneath its bright, auspicious beams,
No boisterous passions rise ;
Moroseness quits the peaceful scene,
And baleful Discord flies.

A thousand nameless beauties spring,
A thousand virtues glow ;
A smiling train of Joys appear,
And endless blessings flow.

Unbounded Charity displays
Her sympathizing charms ;
And Friendship's pure seraphic flame
The generous bosom warms.

Almighty Love exerts his power,
And spreads, with secret art,
A soft sensation through the frame,
A transport through the heart.

Nor shall the storms of age, which cloud
Each gleam of sensual joy,
And blast the gaudy flowers of Pride,
These blest effects destroy.

When

When that fair form shall sink in years,
And all those graces fly ;
The beauty of thy heavenly mind
Shall length of days defy.

TO FLORELLA, PUTTING ON A
FLOWERED HAT,

BY THE SAME.

FLORELLA, veil those radiant eyes,
Those lovely features hide ;
For which a thousand nymphs have wish'd,
A thousand swains have sigh'd.

Then might each youth more safely view
The gay, the blooming maid ;
While half those graces lie conceal'd
Beneath that flowery shade.

Thus when the bright, meridian sun
His vivid warmth displays,
We thank the kind officious cloud
That shades the dazzling rays.

BAR.

BARREAUX's CELEBRATED SONNET.

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité ;
 Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice,
 Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
 Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.
 Oui mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
 Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice ;
 Ton intereste oppose à ma félicité ;
 Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.
 Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux ;
 Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
 Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre ;
 J'adore en perissant la raison qui t'aigrit.
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
 Que ne soit tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST.

 BY THE SAME.

THO' thy decrees, great God, are wise,
 Thy dispensations right,
 Thy darling attribute is love,
 Compassion thy delight.
 But should thy goodness condescend
 To pity my distress,
 Offended Justice would each thought
 Of lenity suppress.
 Yes, righteous God, my daring crimes
 For pardon leave no room ;
 Thy majesty prevents my bliss,
 Thy grace demands my doom.
 O ! then denounce thy sovereign will,
 Avenge thy injur'd name ;
 And let an impious miscreant's tear
 Thy sacred wrath inflame.
 Smite me, 'tis time, let thunder fall
 On my rebellious head ;
 In my destruction I'll adore
 The hand that strikes me dead.
 But—through what region shall thy bolts
 Thy missive vengeance run,
 Which is not hallowed by the blood
 Of thy beloved Son ?

MONODY

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF A
YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. SHAW.

YET do I live ! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe ?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd & ll,
Is gone — for ever fled —
My dearest EMMA's dead ;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall :
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought !) she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, wou'd languish for my charmer's sight,
Wou'd chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night ;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure !)
Hours, days and years successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul ?

Was

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame ?

Did ever Mind so much of Heaven partake ?

Did she not love me with the purest flame,

And give up friends and fortune for my sake ?

Though mild as evening skies,

With downcast, streaming eyes,

Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,

Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come, then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,

(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)

Teach me each moving melancholy strain,

And O discard the pageantry of phrase :

Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine !

Thus, haply, as I paint

The source of my complaint,

My soul may own the impassion'd line ;

A flood of tears may gush to my relief,

And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear

To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell ;

“ How good she was, how gentle, and how fair !”

In pity cease—alas ! I know too well :

How, in her sweet, expressive face

Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,

Yet heighten'd by exterior grace

Of manners most engaging, most refin'd :

No piteous object could she see,
 But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
 Whilst smiles of affability
 Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
 Whate'er the emotions of her heart,
 Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
 Stranger to every female art,
 Alike to feign, or to disguise :
 And O the boast how rare!
 The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
 She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
 In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
 O feeble words—unable to express
 Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !

Relentless Death ! that, steel'd to human woe,
 With murderous hands deals havock on mankind,
 Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,
 And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?
 Hark ! Groans come wing'd on every breeze !
 The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
 And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :
 In vain—Perverse, still on the unweeting head
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
 And drench in tears the face of joy.

But

But oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour
 When Virtue shall renounce thy power ;
 When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
 Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.

Alas ! the day—where-e'er I turn my eyes,
 Some sad memento of my loss appears ;
 I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
 Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears :

But, ah ! In vain—no change of time or place
 The memory can efface

Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
 Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where !

Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep !
 Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,

She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep :
 Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
 To see her force the endearing smile,
 My sorrows to beguile,

When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd ;
 Sure they had ward'd that untimely dart,
 Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.
 How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
 When feeling Death's resistless power,
 My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
 And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears !

- " Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
 " And we must part (alas !) to meet no more !
 " But oh ! if e'er thy EMMA's name was dear,
 " If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear ;
 " If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
 " Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in vain,
 " If it has been my sole endeavour, still
 " To act in all, obsequious to thy will ;
 " To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
 " Then only truly blest when thou wert so :
 " If I have doated with that fond excess,
 " Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less ;
 " If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
 " To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
 " When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
 " Some happier maid may take thy EMMA's place,
 " With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
 " And hate it for the love thou bore to me :
 " My dearest S——, forgive a woman's fears,
 " But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
 " Promise——and I will trust thy faithful vow,
 " (Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
 " That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
 " This fatal pledge of hapless EMMA's love,
 " Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake,
 " And oh ! be tender for its mother's sake.
 " Wilt thou ? —————
 " I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
 " And in that pleasing hope thy EMMA dies content."
- I, who

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
 The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,

But sink beneath the weight :

Just Heaven (I cry'd) from Memory's earliest day

No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
 Misfortune still with unrelenting sway

Has claim'd me for her own.

But O—in pity to my grief, restore

This only source of bliss ; I ask—I ask no more——

Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,

Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——

Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,

And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death,

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,

How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !

With impious wish to tear her from the skies ;

How curse my fate in bitterness of woe !

But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead ?

Fond man, forbear,

Thy fruitless sorrow spare,

Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed ;

In humble reverence kiss th' afflictive rod,

And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,

Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;

To wean thy heart from groveling views below,

And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach :

To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy,
 Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
 One fatal moment can destroy,
 And plunge th' exulting Maniac in despair.
 Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
 Thy present loss——haply, thy future gain;
 Nor let thy EMMA die in vain;
 Time shall administer its wonted balm,
 And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm,

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
 Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
 Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
 Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
 But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
 No more it pants and rages for the plain;
 Moping awhile, in sullen mood
 Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
 And meditates the song:
 Serenely forrowing, breathes its piteous case,
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place,

Forgive me, Heaven——yet——yet the tears will flow,
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
 My budding joys just promising to blow,
 All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!

My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
 Move heavily along ;
 Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song ;
 Time creeps unconscious of delight :
 How shall I cheat the tedious day ?
 And O—the joyless night !
 Where shall I rest my weary head ?
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed ?

Come, * Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
 To my torn heart its former peace restore ;
 Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
 Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore :
 Haply when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
 Again I shall behold my EMMA's face ;
 Again with transport hear
 Her voice soft whispering in my ear ;
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,
 And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But ah ! the unwelcome morn's obtruding light
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes :
 If to the verdant fields I stray,
 Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?

* Laudanum.

Her lovely form pursues where-e'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.

By Nature's lavish bounties chear'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove

Thro' valley, grot, and grove ;
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore :
No herb, no plant, can medicine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief ?
Should worldly business call away,

Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return ?

Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,

And soften all my woes ?
Too faithful Memory — Cease, O cease —
How shall I e'er regain my peace ?

(O to forget her) — but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,

To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lipping tongue shall ask the cause,

How

How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
 When, twining round my knees, I trace
 Thy mother's smile upon thy face ?
 How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
 Sad memory of my joys—ah now no more !
 By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,
 More beggar by the riches once possesst.
 My little darling !—dearer to me grown
 By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear !)
 Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
 Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier :
 Who now shall seek with fond delight,
 Thy infant steps to guide aright ?
 She, who with doating eyes, would gaze
 On all thy little artless ways,
 By all thy soft endearments blest,
 And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
 Alas ! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove
 A father's dearest, tenderest love :
 And O ! sweet senseless smiler (envied state !)
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
 When years thy judgment shall mature,
 And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,
 Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
 For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth ?
 (Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
 And be the comfort of my age !

When

When sick and languishing I lie,
 Wilt thou my EMMA's wonted care supply ?
 And oft, as, to thy listening ear,
 Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
 Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
 Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?
 Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
 Whene'er thou feelt the soft distress,
 Which I would vainly seek to hide,
 Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?
 To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
 And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?



AN EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET bird ! that kindly perching near,
 Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of Woe,

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain : ———
 For surely, thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove ?

Say

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
 That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 Or has the cruel hand of Fate

Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas, for BOTH, I weep ——

In all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
 A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,

And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,

At once the source of rapture and distress,

The flattering prop of my declining years!

In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,

By every art that Science could devise,

Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,

And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies ——

Then O our comforts be the same,

At evening's peaceful hour,

To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,

And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why alas! to thee complain!

To thee——unconscious of my pain!

Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,

And hail the dawning of a happier year:

The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring

Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;

Again thy little heart shall transport prove,

Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love:

But

But O for ME in vain may seasons roll,
 Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
 Deploring still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
 I count my sorrows by encreasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,

Where is the promis'd period of my woes ?
 Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
 And yet I weep, a stranger to repose :

O what delusion did thy tongue employ !

“ That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,

“ Her last bequest — with all a mother's care,

“ The bitterness of sorrow should remove,

“ Soften the horrors of despair,

“ And cheer a heart long lost to joy !”

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,

Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,

My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,

And burn with all a father's fond alarms !

And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd,

How did I rave of blessings yet in store !

Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,

And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter
 more. —

“ Just Heaven, I cry'd” — with recent hopes elate,

“ Yet I will live — will live, tho' EMMA's dead —

“ So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,

“ Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head !

“ My

- " My little EMMA, now my ALL,
" Will want a father's care,
" Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recal,
" And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear :
" And oft together we'll complain,
" Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
" From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,
" And prattle tales of woe ;
" And O in that auspicious hour,
" When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
" With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
" No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
" When death gives misery repose,
" And opes a glorious passage to the skies.

Vain thought ! it must not be——She too is dead——
The flattering scene is o'er ——
My hopes for ever——ever fled ——
And vengeance can no more——
Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease——
And none——none left to bear a friendly part !
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart !
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear :

Perhaps,

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
 But ah ! from my affections far remov'd !
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
 As if I ne'er had been belov'd ;
 As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet——while this weary life shall last,
 While yet my tongue can form the impassion'd strain,
 In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :
 For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
 The tale of misery to impart !
 From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
 Even H E †, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
 Shall deign my love lorn tale to hear,
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

† Lord Lyttelton.

T H E

THE DEATH OF ARACHNE,

AN HEROI-COMI-TRAGIC-POEM.

THE shrinking brooks and russet meads complain'd
 That Summer's tyrant, fervid Sirius, reign'd ;
 Full west the sun from heaven descending rode,
 And fix the shadow on the dial show'd.

Philo, tho' young, to musing much inclin'd,
 A shameless sloven, in his gown had din'd,
 From table sneaking with a sheepish face,
 Before the circle was dismiss'd with grace,
 And smoaking now, his desk with books o'erspread,
 Thick clouds of incense roll around his head :
 His head, which save a quarter's growth of hair,
 His woollen cap long since scratch'd off, was bare :
 His beard three days had grown, of golden hue,
 Black was his shirt, uncomely to the view ;
 Cross-legg'd he sat, and his ungartered hose
 Of each lean limb half hide, and half expose ;
 His cheek he lean'd upon his hand ; below
 His nut-brown slipper hung upon his toe.

Now with abstracted flight he climbs apace,
 High and more high, through pure unbounded space ;

Now

Now mere privation fails the wings of thought,
 He drops down headlong through the vast of nought ;
 A friendly vapour Matheſis ſupplies,
 Born on the ſurging ſmoak he joys to riſe ;
 Matter thro' modes and qualities purſues,
 Now caught, entranc'd its naked eſſence views ;
 Now wakes ; the viſion fading from his ſight
 Leaves doubts behind, the miſts of mental night :
 Exiſting not, but poſſible alone,
 He deems all ſubſtance, and ſuſpects his own ;
 Like wave by wave impell'd, now queſtions roll——
 Does ſoul in ought ſubſiſt, or all in ſoul ?
 Is ſpace, extension, nothing but a name,
 And mere idea Nature's mighty frame ?
 All power, all forms, to intellect confin'd :
 Place, agent, ſubject, inſtrument combin'd ?
 Is ſpirit diſperſe, yet from number free,
 Conjoin'd by harmony in unity ?—
 Truth's ſpotleſs white what piercing eye deſcries,
 When the ray broken takes Opinion's dyes !—
 In vain now Philo ſeeks the ſacred light,
 In Chaos plung'd, where embryo ſyſtems fight.

In this dark hour, unnotic'd, Cloe came,
 His ſtudy-door admits the ſhining dame ;
 With Nature's charms ſhe join'd the charms of art,
 Wife of his choice, and miſtreſs of his heart ;
 What on her head ſhe wore, erect and high,
 Unnam'd above, is call'd on earth a fly ;

In wanton ringlets her fair tresses fell,
 Her breasts beneath transparent muslin swell ;
 Studded with flaming gems a buckle bound
 Th' embroidered zone her slender waist around ;
 Thence to her feet a vast rotund display'd
 The mingling colours of the rich brocade ;
 This aiding fancy, blending shame and pride,
 Inflames with beauties it was meant to hide :
 With careless ease the Nymph first snapp'd her fan,
 Roll'd round her radiant eyes, and thus began ;
 " How canst thou, Philo, here delight to sit,
 " Immers'd in learning, nattiness, and wit ?
 " Clean from the chest, where various odours breathe,
 " And dying roses their last sweets bequeath,
 " A shirt for thee, by my command, the maid
 " Three hours ago before the fire display'd ;
 " The barber, waiting to renew thy face,
 " Holds thy wig powder'd in the paste-board case ;
 " Thy silken breeches, and thy hose of thread,
 " Coat, waistcoat, all, lie ready on the bed.
 " Renounce that odious pipe, this filthy cell,
 " Where silence, dust, and pagan authors dwell :
 " Come ! shall the ladies wait in vain for thee ?
 " Come ! taste with us the charms of mirth and tea,"

As Philo heard confus'd the silver found,
 His soul emerges from the dark profound,
 On the bright vision full he turn'd his eyes ;
 Touch'd, as he gaz'd, with pleasure and surprize,

The first faint dawnings of a smile appear'd,
 And now in act to speak, he strok'd his beard,
 When from a shelf just o'er the fair one's head,
 Down dropt ARACHNE by the viscous thread.

Back starts the Nymph, with terror and dismay,
 " The Spider ! oh !" — was all that she could say.

At this the Sage resum'd the look severe,
 " Renounce, with woman's folly, woman's fear !"
 He said, and careful to the shelf convey'd
 The hapless rival of the blue-ey'd maid.

Th' enormous deed astonish'd Cloe view'd,
 And rage the crimson on her cheek renew'd.

" Must then, said she, such hideous vermin crawl

" Indulg'd, protected, o'er the cobwebb'd wall

" Destroy her quickly — here her life I claim,

" If not for love or decency, for shame."

" Shame be to guilt, replies the man of thought,

" To slaves of custom, ne'er by reason taught,

" Who spare no life that touches not their own,

" By fear their cruelty restrain'd alone.

" No blameless insect lives its destin'd hour,

" Caught in the murdering vortex of their power.

" For me, the virtues of the mind I learn

" From sage ARACHNE, for whose life you burn ;

" From her, when busy all the summer's day

" She weaves the curious woof that snares her prey,

" I learn fair industry and art to prize,

" Admiring Nature providently wise,

" Who,

- ‘ Who, tho’ her bounty unexhausted flows,
 “ Not daily bread on idleness bestows.
 “ ARACHNE, still superior to despair,
 “ Restores with art what accidents impair,
 “ The thousandth time the broken thread renews,
 “ And one great end with fortitude pursues ;
 “ To me her toil is ne’er renew’d in vain,
 “ Taught what the wise by perseverance gain,
 “ Warm’d by example to the glorious strife,
 “ And taught to conquer in the fight of life.

- “ When now with rest amidst her labours crown’d,
 “ She watchful, patient, eyes the circle round,
 “ I learn, when toil has well deserv’d success,
 “ Hope’s placid, calm, expectance to possess,
 “ With care to watch, with patience still to wait
 “ The golden moment, tho’ delay’d by Fate.”

Impatient Cloe thus again replied ;

- “ How soon is error thro’ each veil descried !
 “ Still boasting Reason’s power, how weak are we !
 “ How blind, alas ! to all we would not see !
 “ Else how could Philo, in a Spider’s cause,
 “ Talk thus of mercy with deserv’d applause ?
 “ Or call aught virtuous industry and skill,
 “ Exerted only to surprize and kill ?
 “ The blameless insect, whom no murder feeds,
 “ For her, the victim of her cunning, bleeds ;
 “ Cunning ! which when to wisdom we compare,
 “ Is but to her, to men what monkeys are.”

- " Hold ! Philo cries, and know, the same decree
" Gave her the fly, which gives the lamb to thee ;
" Or why those wings adapted to the snare,
" Why interceptive hangs the net in air !
" As plain in these the precept, " kill and eat,"
" As in thy skill to carve the living treat."

To this, she cries, " Persuade me, if you can,
" Man's lord of all, and all was made for man."
" Vain thought ! the child of ignorance and pride !"
Disdainful smiling, quickly he replied ;

- " To man, vain reptile ! tell me of what use
" Are all that Afric's peopled wastes produce ?
" The nameless monsters of the swarming seas,
" The pigmy nations wasted on the breeze ?
" The happy myriads, by his eyes unseen,
" That bask in flowers, and quicken all the green ?
" Why live these numbers blest in Nature's state ?
" Why lives this spider object of thy hate ?
" Why man ? but life in common to possess,
" Wide to diffuse the stream of happiness ;
" Blest stream ! the o'erflowing of the parent mind,
" Great without pride, and without weakness kind."

With downcast eyes, and sighs, and modest air,
Thus in soft sounds replied the wily fair :

- " This fatal subtilty thy books impart
" To baffle truth, when unsustain'd by art ;
" For this, when Cloe goes at twelve to bed,
" Till three you sit in converse with the dead :

" No

" No wonder then, in vain my skill's employ'd
 " To prove it best that vermin be destroy'd—
 " But tho' you proudly triumph o'er my sex,
 " Joy to confute, and reason but to vex,
 " Yet, if you lov'd me, to oblige your wife,
 " What could you less! you'd take a spider's life.
 " Once to prevent my wishes Philo flew,
 " But Time that alters all, has alter'd you.
 " Yet still unchang'd poor Cloe's love remains;
 " These tears my witness, which your pride disdains;
 " These tears, at once my witness and relief."
 Here paus'd the fair, all eloquent in grief.

He, who had often, and alone, o'erturn'd
 Witlings, and sophists, when his fury burn'd,
 Now yields to love the fortrefs of his soul:
 His eyes with vengeance on ARACHNE roll:
 " Curs'd wretch, thou poisonous quintessence of ill,
 " Those precious drops, unpunish'd, shalt thou spill?"
 He said, and stooping, from his foot he drew,
 Black as his purpose, what was once a shoe;
 Now, high in air the fatal heel ascends,
 Reason's last effort now the stroke suspends;
 In doubt he stood—when, breath'd from Cloe's breast,
 A struggling sigh her inward grief exprest.
 Fir'd by the sound, "Die, forcerefs, die," he cried,
 And to his arm his utmost strength applied:
 Crush'd falls the foe, one complicated wound,
 And the smote self returns a jarring sound.

On Ida's top thus Venus erst prevail'd,
 When all the sapience of Minerva fail'd :
 Thus to like arts a prey, as poets tell,
 By Juno lov'd in vain, great Dido fell.
 And thus for ever Beauty shall controul
 The faint's, the sage's, and the hero's soul.

But Jove with hate beheld th' atrocious deed,
 And Vengeance follows with tremendous speed ;
 In Philo's mind she quench'd the ray that fir'd
 With love of science, and with verse inspir'd,
 Expung'd at once the philosophic theme,
 All sages think, and all that poets dream ;
 Yields him thus, chang'd a vassal to the fair ;
 And forth she leads him with a victor's air :
 Drest to her wish, he mixes with the gay,
 As much a trifle, and as vain as they ;
 To fix their power, and rivet fast the chain,
 They lead where Pleasure spreads her soft domain ;
 Where, drown'd in music Reason's hoarser call,
 Love smiles triumphant in thy groves, Vaux-hall.

STUDLEY.

S T U D L E Y.

TO MISS E—F—.

NOR Phœbus, nor his tuneful choir,
To notes poetic wake my string :
A mortal Muse demands my lyre,
O, were she present while I sing !

To soar aloft, beyond the ken
Of human eyes, let others boast :
'Tis BETSY that directs my pen ;
My verse, not seen by her, were lost.

No longer prate, ye critics vain,
That poets are not made, but born :
If BETSY smile upon the strain,
Your censure's keenest lash I scorn.

Yet were my creeping Muse to soar,
Sure Reason's good might still be given :
STUDLEY was Paradise before ;
But BETSY's presence made it heaven.——

O for a quill pluck'd from the eagle-wing
Of bright Imagination, first of Powers !
Then might my earth-born Muse aspire to sing
Strains not unworthy STUDLEY's charming bowers.

Come, Nymph, and with thee, Memory, kind maid,
The sweet remembrancer of pleasures past :
How there with BETSY hand in hand I stray'd,
Ay me, such pleasures were too great to last !

She comes, she comes ! enthron'd in F——'s eyes,
She deigns to smile on such a wretch as me :
Her fostering art its kindly aid supplies,
And from gross film my visual nerve sets free.

Conduct me, Goddess, to that blest retreat,
In union fair, where all the Graces join ;
Where Elegance has fix'd her best-lov'd seat,
And Taste and Nature every power combine.

And lo ! the Park first opens to the view !
Mark well its verdant hills, its flowery dells :
Not Windsor-forest nobler scenes can shew ;
Not Stowe, where Cobham dwelt, where Temple dwells.

The curious eye, intranc'd in wonder, fees
Here gurgling streamlets tremble thro' the shade ;
Here nimble squirrels gambol in the trees,
There bounding fawns trip wanton thro' the glade.

Look

Look back on Rippon's venerable pile !

There cloistered Monks their nightly vespers fung,
While thro' the solemn, gloomy, Gothic aile,
The hollow vaults responsive echoes rung.

See slopes on slopes th' enchanting prospect bound,

Nor knows the dubious Fancy where to rest :
New sweets invite above, below, around ;
Giddy with rapture, she scarce feels she's blest.

The gates fly ope ! Elysium stands confest,

And bursts upon us in a blaze of charms ;
E'en such a transport throbs in Damon's breast,
When yielding Chloe melts into his arms.

No more, ye gaudy poets, deck with flowers

Your fairy gardens on the Western shore,
Or add fresh bloom to fam'd Alcinous' bowers ;
Vain Greece, thy fabled Tempe boast no more.

Whate'er creation form'd, or rules could frame,

Refin'd or simple, natural or new,
Compound together. Can it need a name ?
View STUDLEY's lawns, and own the picture true.

Where to begin ? where end ? the labouring soul,

Lost and bewilder'd in a world of sweets,
Vainly attempts at once to grasp the whole ;
Such various joy its various senses greets.

Ambrosial

Ambrosial scents the ravish'd smell regale ;
 Each shrub around a balmy odour flings :
 Such as Arabia's spicy groves exhale,
 Wafted by Zephyrs on their rosy wings.

The birds salute us with their artless notes,
 The bulfinch, linnæ, nightingale, and thrush ;
 Wild harmony, strain'd thro' a thousand throats,
 Trills in each tree, and dies in every bush.

Proud to adorn the pendent shades it laves,
 Seest thou that lake its heaving bosom swell ?
 In headlong sheets pour its enamour'd waves,
 Amidst such beauties well content to dwell ?

But other waves to other waves succeed,
 Courting each other to the seat they love ;
 With eager haste they glide along the mead,
 And murmuring struggle thro' the grot above.

Retir'd from publick haunt one ^u structure stands,
 Sacred to Comus and his festive train ;
 Where genial Freedom unrestrain'd commands,
 Where none are strangers deem'd but Care and Pain.

All elegance and ease, without, within,
 They bid defiance to the frowns of Fate ;
 Nor care what man goes out, or who comes in,
 Whirl'd in the topsy-turvy wheel of state.

lallodma

^u The Banqueting-house.

Climb

Climb we yon lofty summit, crown'd with wood,
The quivering poplar, the wide-branching oak,
The taper fir, the ash, for all things good.
Long may they, long defy the woodman's stroke.

Here rest we then—and each way turn our eyes ;
No where our eyes an empty chasm can find ;
Domes, temples, obelisks at each point arise ;
We half forget the wonders left behind.

Objects at every point our sight invade,
Yet the keen judgment finds not where to chide :
AISLABIE still calls Nature to his aid,
Nor makes a sacrifice of sense to pride.

But can we then that ruined, reverend * tower,
Leave undistinguish'd 'midst the common throng,
There many a hoary devotee of yore
Awak'd the sky-lark with his early song.

What tho' the lazy bat and screech owl dire
Reign sole possessors of the gloomy fane ?
Souls once were there, in whom poetic fire
Beat in each pulse, and glow'd in every vein.

Observe its mouldering base and moss-grown head
Threaten its final dissolution nigh !
To man what better lesson can be read ?
What moralist can better teach to die ?

" Fountain's Abbey.

Ah !

Ah ! let us, ere the fatal die be cast,
Think well (for surely one day think we must)
That stately STUDLEY's pride must fall at last,
And lovely BETSY's form submit to dust !



A N O D E.

B Y S ——— L J ——— N, L. L. D.

STERN Winter now by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife,
And Nature on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of Life.

Now, o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And Vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain
 v Arthritic Tyranny consigns,
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
 Tho' Rapture sings, and Beauty shines.

 v The author being ill of the gout.

Yet

Yet tho' my limbs Disease invades,
 Her wings Imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades,
 Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my Soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
 Where Wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide, a father, and a friend ;
 Once more great Nature's work renew,
 Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
 Cool Meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal power,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.

When Pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging Factions rush to war ;
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.

But

But, lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright Wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.



THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

BY THE SAME.

O Phœbus! down the western sky
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of Care,
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
 Her living carpet Nature spreads;
 Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
 In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,

Let music die along the grove ;

Around the bowl let myrtles twine,

And every strain be tun'd to Love.

Come, STELLA, queen of all my heart !

Come, born to fill its vast desires !

Thy looks perpetual joys impart,

Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While, all my wish and thine complete,

By turns we languish, and we burn,

Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,

Our murmurs murmuring brooks return.

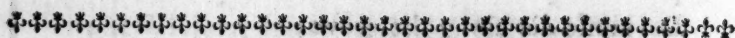
Let me, when Nature calls to rest,

And blushing skies the morn foretell,

Sink on the down of STELLA's breast,

And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN:



A U T U M N : A N O D E ,

BY THE SAME.

AL A S ! with swift and silent pace
Impatient Time rolls on the year,
The Seasons change, and Nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow,
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare ;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain ;
Nor Health, nor Pleasure, wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O ! would some God but wings supply !
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me Fate compels to bear
The downward Season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail.

Oh ! what remains, what lingers yet
To cheer me in the darkening hour ?
The Grape remains ! the friend of Wit,
In Love and Mirth of mighty power.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl—
Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray ;
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This, God of Health, and Verse, and Day.

Still, still, the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My STELLA with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

W I N T E R : A N O D E .

BY THE SAME.

NO more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue ;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping Darknefs shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cott, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain ;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now fought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend ;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me STELLA, and a friend.

In Nature's aid let Art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere ;
 Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let Music sound the voice of joy !
 Or Mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
 Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the Season Wine prevail.

Yet Time Life's dreary Winter brings,
 When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more,
 Nor Music charm, tho' STELLA sings,
 Nor Love nor Wine the Spring restore.

Catch then, O ! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life's a short Summer, man a flower,
 He dies ! alas ! how soon he dies !

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only thought the wasted plain,
Stern Winter, in thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond Desire
Resign the heart to Spleen and Care;
Scarce frighted Love maintains her fire,
And Rapture saddens to Despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fears,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

T. H. T.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife;
 Snatch me, my STELLA, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of Life.

SONG.

BY THE SAME.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
 The fragrance of the flowery vales,
 The murmurs of the chrystal rill,
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
 Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
 Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
 Not all Peru's unbounded store,
 Not all the power, nor all the fame,
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
 Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
 To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes,
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize.

Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
 Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain;
 In lovely STELLA all combine,
 And, lovely STELLA ! thou art mine.

A N E V E N I N G O D E .

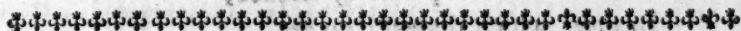
TO STELLA.

BY THE SAME.

EVENING now, from purple wings,
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
 Near the checquer'd, lonely grove,
 Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love.
 STELLA, thither let us stray!
 Lightly o'er the dewy way,
 Phoebus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely STELLA, far;
 In his stead, the Queen of night
 Round us pours a lambent light;

Light,

Light, that serves but just to shew
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow ;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades
Please the hearts that Love invades.
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but Love disdain.



THE NATURAL BEAUTY.

TO STELLA.

BY THE SAME.

WHETHER STELLA's eyes are found
 Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
 If her face with pleasure glow,
 If she sigh at others woe,
 If her easy air express
 Conscious worth, or soft distress,
 STELLA's eyes, and air, and face,
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.
 If on her we see display'd
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade ;

If her chintz, with less expence,
 Flows in easy negligence;
 Still she lights the conscious flame,
 Still her charms appear the same;
 If she strikes the vocal strings,
 If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
 If she sit, or if she move,
 Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
 Which alone can please by chance;
 Beauty, which depends on art,
 Changing with the changing heart,
 Which demands the toilet's aid,
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade;
 I those charms alone can prize,
 Which from constant Nature rise,
 Which nor circumstance nor dress
 E'er can make or more or less.

THE



THE VANITY OF WEALTH; AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep,

Still unenjoy'd the present store,

Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.

O quit the shadow, catch the prize,

Which not all India's treasure buys !

To purchase Heaven has gold the power ?

Can gold remove the mortal hour ?

In life can Love be bought with gold ?

Are Friendship's pleasures to be sold ?

No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,

Fair Virtue gives, unbrib'd, unbought.

Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,

Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With Science tread the wonderful way,

Or learn the Muse's moral lay ;

In social hours indulge thy soul,

Where Mirth and Temperance mix the bowl ;

To virtuous Love resign thy breast,

And be by blessing Beauty blest.

Thus

Thus taste the feast by Nature spread,
Ere Youth, and all its joys are fled;
Come, taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast, whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and STELLA, and content;
And scorn! oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

T O M I S S

**ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET-
WORK PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING.**

BY THE SAME.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite,
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine,
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin,
Thy nets may catch, but not confine,

Nor can I hope thy silken chain,
The glittering vagrants shall restrain ;
Why, SYLVIA, was it then decreed,
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed ?



A TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN
EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS HANMER.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie ;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues, while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth ;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd every ear, and gain'd on every heart.

Thus early wise, the endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade ;
In life's first bloom his publick toils began,
At once commenc'd the Senator and Man.

In business dextrous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state ;
In every speech persuasive Wisdom flow'd,
In every act resurgent Virtue glow'd.

Suspended

Suspended Faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker, with united voice.
Illustrious Age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair, and ANNE the throne.

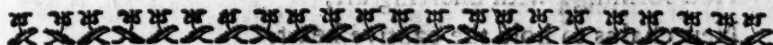
Then, when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.

This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict, on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;—
Nor e'er from Virtue's path was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flowers of Pleasure or of Pride.

Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.

Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
With honour fated, and with cares oppress'd;
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur, and domestic worth;
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The Patriot's fire yet sparkled in the Friend.

Calm Conscience then his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignify'd his tomb.



T O M I S S

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICORD IN A ROOM
HUNG WITH SOME FLOWER-PIECES OF HER OWN
PAINTING.

BY THE SAME.

W H E N STELLA strikes the tuneful string

In scenes of imitated Spring,

Where Beauty lavishes her powers,

On beds of never-fading flowers,

And Pleasure propagates around

Each charm of modulated sound,

Ah ! think not, in the dangerous hour,

The Nymph fictitious, as the flower ;

But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,

Nor tempt the snares of wily love

When charms thus press on every sense,

What thought of flight, or of defence ?

Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,

For ever flutter o'er her lyre,

Delighting, as the youth draws nigh,

To point the glances of her eye,

And

And forming, with unerring art,
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on these regions of delight,
Might Truth intrude with daring flight,
Could STELLA, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And Wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes,
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid ;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How Passion's well-accorded strife,
Gives all the harmony of life,
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same,
Thy musick teach the nobler art
To tune the regulated heart.



T O M Y R T I L I S.

THE NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

MADAM,

LONG have I look'd my tablets o'er,
 And find I've much to thank you for,
 Out-standing debts beyond account;
 And new—who knows to what amount?
 Tho' small my wealth, not small my soul,
 Come then, at once I'll pay the whole.

Ye Powers! I'm rich, and will command
 The host of slaves that round me stand;
 Come, Indian, quick disclose thy store,
 And hither bring Peruvian ore;
 Let yonder negroe pierce the main,
 The choicest, largest pearl to gain;
 Let all my slaves their arts combine
 To make the blushing ruby mine,
 From eastern thrones the diamonds bear
 To sparkle at her breast and ear.
 Swift, Scythian, point th' unerring dart
 That strikes the Ermine's little heart,
 And search for choicest furs the globe,
 To make my MYRTILIS a robe.

Ah, no: Yon Indian will not go,
 No Scythian deigns to bend his bow.

No

No fullen Negroe shoots the flood,
 How, slaves ! — Or am I understood !
 All, all, my empty power disown,
 I turn, and find myself alone ;
 'Tis Fancy's vain illusion all,
 Nor Moor nor Scythian waits my call.
 Can I command, can I consign ?
 Alas, what earthly thing is mine ?

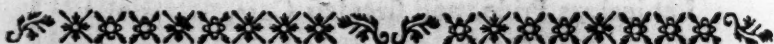
Come then, my Muse, companion dear
 Of poverty, and soul sincere,
 Come dictate to my grateful mind
 A gift that may acceptance find ;
 Come, gentle Muse, and with thee bear
 An offering worthy thee and her ;
 And tho' thy presents be but poor,
 My MYRTILIS will ask no more.
 An heart that scorns a shameful thing,
 With love and verse, is all I bring ;
 Of love and verse the gift receive,
 'Tis all thy servant has to give.

If all whate'er my verse has told,
 Golconda's gems, and Affric's gold,
 If all were mine from pole to pole,
 How large her share who shares my soul ?
 But more than these may Heaven impart ;
 Be thine the treasures of the heart ;
 Be calm, and glad thy future days
 With Virtue's peace, and Virtue's praise.

Let

Let jealous Pride, and sleepless Care,
 And wasting Grief, and black Despair,
 And languor chill, and Anguish fell,
 For ever shun thy grove and cell;
 There only may the happy train
 Of Love, and Joy, and Peace, remain:
 May Plenty, with exhaustless store,
 Employ thy hand to feed the poor,
 And ever on thy honour'd head
 The prayer of Gratitude be shed.

A happy mother, may'st thou see
 Thy smiling virtuous progeny,
 Whose sportful tricks, and airy play,
 Fraternal love, and prattle gay,
 Or wondrous tale, or joyful song,
 May lure the lingering hours along;
 Till Death arrive, unselt, unseen,
 With gentle pace, and placid mien,
 And waft thee to that happy shore
 Where wishes can have place no more.



THE THREE WARNINGS: A TALE.

BY MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;
 'Twas therefore said by antient sages,
 That love of life increas'd with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room :

And looking grave, " You must, says he,
 " Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 " With you, and quit my Susan's side !
 " With you ! the hapless husband cry'd :
 " Young as I am ! 'tis monstrous hard !
 " Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :

" My

" My thoughts on other matters go,

" This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger ;

So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,

" Neighbour, he said, farewell : No more

" Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;

" And further, to avoid all blame

" Of cruelty upon my name,

" To give you time for preparation,

" And fit you for your future station,

" Three several Warnings you shall have,

" Before you're summon'd to the grave :

" Willing for once I'll quit my prey,

" And grant a kind reprieve ;

" In hopes you'll have no more to say,

" But when I call again this way,

" Well-pleas'd the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,

And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,

How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,

How roundly he pursu'd his course,

And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing Muse shall tell :

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near ;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace ;
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along Life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sat,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprize,
" So soon return'd ! old Dobson cries."

" So soon, d'ye call it ! Death replies :

" Surely, my friend, you're but in jest.

" Since I was here before,

" 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,

" And you are now fourscore."

" So much the worse, the Clown rejoin'd :

" To spare the aged would be kind :

" However, see your search be legal ;

" And your authority——Is't regal ?

" Else you are come on a fool's errand,

" With but a secretary's warrant.

" Besides,

" Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
" Which I have look'd for nights and mornings.
" But for that loss of time and ease,
" I can recover damages."

" I know, cries Death, that at the best,
" I seldom am a welcome guest ;

" But don't be captious, friend, at least ;

" I little thought you'd still be able

" To stump about your farm and stable ;

" Your years have run to a great length,

" I wish you joy tho' of your strength."

" Hold, says the Farmer, not so fast,

" I have been lame these four years past."

" And no great wonder, Death replies,

" However, you still keep your eyes ;

" And sure to see one's loves and friends,

" For legs and arms would make amends."

" Perhaps, says Dobson, so it might,

" But latterly I've lost my sight."

" This is a shocking story, faith,

" Yet there's some comfort still, says Death ;

" Each strives your sadness to amuse ;

" I warrant you hear all the news."

" There's none, cries he ; and if there were,

" I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

" Nay then, the spectre stern rejoind,

" These are unjustifiable yearnings ;

" If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

" You've had your three sufficient Warnings.

“ So come along, no more we'll part :”
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;
 And now old Dobson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.

T H E E X C U R S I O N .

H A P P Y thrice the harmless swain,
 Tenant of the peaceful plain,
 Far from business, noise and strife,
 Blest with every sweet of life ;
 Far from all the toil of state,
 All oppressions of the great ;
 Dancing blythe his Nymph he leads
 O'er the carpet of the meads ;
 While his neighbour's pipe or horn
 Lulls the night or cheers the morn :
 Healthy joy from labour springs,
 Healthy joy the wish of kings.

Here Providence in bounty flows,
 And joys on every sense bestows ;
 Here Earth affords her kind increase,
 With virtue gain'd, enjoy'd in peace ;
 The harvest rich, the fruitage fair,
 Repay the cultivator's care.

Hills where sportive lambkins stray,
 Flocks that fleecy tribute pay ;

Crystal

Crystal streams whose murmuring rills
 Stray between the flowery hills,
 Meeting from a hundred dells,
 Till the foaming river swells,
 Swells beyond restraint, and laves
 Happy lands with welcome waves ;
 While the crystal of the floods
 Mocks the waving of the woods.

Here flowers in sweet confusion grown,
 O'er the verdant mead are blown ;
 Narcissus, near the rivers fair,
 Smiles at itself reflected there ;
 Sad emblem of that lover's pride,
 Who for himself too fondly died.
 The crowfoot here with golden hue,
 The cowslips sweet, the violets blue,
 The blushing pinks, and lilies pale,
 Like virgins fair, like virgins frail ;
 Soft daffodils of early bloom,
 And daisies earful of the gloom.

But ah, those beauties soon must fall !
 The ruthless scythe which levels all,
 Must sweep their harmless sweets away,
 And give their colours to decay.

Here lofty groves invade the sky,
 And all the tempest's rage defy ;
 The solid oak that awes the main,
 The spreading elm of coarser grain,

The elastic eugh, whose distant wound
 With England's rivals heap'd the ground ;
 The stubborn holly, rough and bold,
 That spreads her verdure to the cold,
 And boasts her berries fair and ripe,
 Beneath December's icy gripe ;
 All, all Destruction's power shall feel,
 And fall before the fatal steel.
 See this, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave,
 And sink together in the grave.

The squirrel climbs the nut-tree bough,
 And strips the clusters as they grow ;
 The little mouse with humbler hope
 Tastes Nature's bounties as they drop.

See all the feather'd warblers sing,
 To welcome the returning spring ;
 The blackbird, linnet, finch, and thrush,
 Pour out their songs from every bush ;
 The tuneful lark, whose towering flight
 Fatigues the disappointed sight ;
 These little songsters mounted high,
 Harmonious carrol to the sky :

To heaven their tuneful offering pay,
 And seem to hail the new-born day !

Sweet bird ! instructed by thy lays,
 Can man forget his Maker's praise ?
 Reviving from the shades of night,
 Can he behold the all-quickenning light,

Can he unclofe his sluggish eyes,
Nor fend one rapture to the skies ?

At eve, in softly mournful strains,
The love-lorn nightingale complains ;
While as it strains its little throat,
Pleas'd Echo dwells on every note,
And sighs to hear the plaintive moan,
And grief expreffive of her own.

How blest, my soul, how blest are those
Who pass a life in such repose ;
Who still in rural shades abide,
Where all their hours thus smoothly glide ;
Whose humble aims no higher tend,
Than to enjoy a book and friend ;
Whom anxious projects ne'er molest,
Nor war nor love disturb their rest ;
Who form no wish of rising higher,
But learn betimes to check desire ;
Whose happy and yet humble state
Provokes no threatening frowns of Fate :
So humble shrubs in safety grow,
When storms the lofty pine o'erthrow.

O hear, ye Powers, a suppliant's voice,
Indulge my wish, approve my choice !
O grant me, whereſoe'er ye please,
A life of privacy and ease ;
No more those pleasures to pursue,
Which Fancy paints to Folly's view ;

Nor

Nor falsely fond, nor idly gay,
 To waste the fashionable day;
 No more with craving heart to go
 From toy to toy, from show to show;
 All day to counterfeit delight,
 And long, to end the cheat, for night.

Afford me pleasures more serene :
 Give me to range the sylvan scene,
 Where Ceres' full-ear'd sheaves abound,
 And Flora paints th' enamel'd ground ;
 To feel, from every pressure free,
 The joys of Truth and Poetry ;
 Let Contemplation string my lyre,
 And Zeal supply poetic fire ;
 Then let me Nature's wonders sing,
 And praise the power of Nature's King ;
 While as by chance I turn my sight,
 New objects strike with new delight ;
 Till fresh ideas hourly spring,
 And urge Imagination's wing.

Here Knowledge, quicken'd by Delight,
 Shall rouse the soul to vigorous flight :
 Rapt with the thought, methinks I rise
 To meditate my kindred skies ;
 At once the past and present view,
 Compare the former with the new ;
 Survey the world from pole to pole,
 Join clime to clime, and grasp the whole ;

To each effect the cause conjoin,
 And trace the Original divine;
 Awaken'd Hope directs my way
 Thro' all the spacious realms of day;
 Views the resplendent courts above,
 Blest mansion of seraphic love!
 Refulgent throne of power divine,
 Where calm celestial splendors shine;
 Whence beams of emanating light
 From Nature chase retiring night.
 Quick to my breast new beauties rise,
 I pant to range my native skies;
 But here, encumber'd with her clay,
 My Soul must wait the final day;
 And now but short excursions make,
 And joys thro' long perspectives take;
 Such joys as virtuous souls improve,
 And heighten wonder into love.

Then fill'd with reverence and delight,
 Back to the world I take my flight;
 Back to my much lov'd groves again,
 Where honest joys alternate reign;
 Where thro' Creation's mighty round,
 Unnumber'd miracles abound,
 And, form'd instruction to convey,
 The Almighty Father's power display;
 Amaz'd I view the splendid dye
 Of this enamel'd butterfly;

Amaz'd

Amaz'd each reptile insect see,
 Each blest with life as well as we.
 Wherever we direct our eyes,
 Ten thousand various forms arise ;
 On each a life of different mode
 By boundless Providence bestow'd ;
 From small to less, from high to higher,
 Till Reason, Sense, and Fancy tire ;
 While all in due proportion shine,
 To prove the economy divine.

With serious joy the enlighten'd soul
 Surveys a part, admires the whole ;
 Nor always silently surveys,
 But, fir'd by gratitude to praise,
 In holy confidence is blest,
 And calmly waits eternal rest.

ALEXIS:

ALEXIS: A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY A LADY.

ALEXIS, the pride of the plain,
Beside a clear brook lay reclin'd,
His complaint was fair Daphne's disdain,
Who had prov'd to the shepherd unkind :
His flock was no longer his care,
His pipe now no longer could please,
He neglected his dress and his hair,
And by solitude fed his disease.

- " Poor shepherd ! he wildly exclaim'd,
" Alas ! what avails all thy moan ?
" The joys thy fond fancy had fram'd,
" With Daphne for ever are flown !
" How could you, O Daphne, deceive
" A swain not unworthy your love ?
" Why didst thou, Alexis, believe
" Such a maid could thy passion approve ?

" Her

- " Her form is replete with each grace,
" The diamond beams forth in her eye,
" The lily expands o'er her face,
" And the rose-bud imparts its soft dye.
" No warbler can rival her song,
" Philomela with envy complains,
" The streams glide in silence along,
" The glad Zephyrs diffuse her soft strains.
- " When Daphne appear'd in the mead,
" Her presence enliven'd the morn,
" Now the winds roughly blow round my head,
" And the sun's chearful beams are withdrawn.
" No longer these meadows look green,
" Now the warblers abandon the grove,
" The air breathes no longer serene,
" All Summer is fled with my love.
- " Oh ! Daphne, you heard my fond sighs,
" You did not my passion disdain,
" When I gaz'd with delight on your eyes,
" My soft glances you did not restrain :
" But now you make sport of my woes,
" And laugh at the sufferings I feel,
" I enjoy not the sweets of repose,
" Nor can I my torments conceal !
- " Farewell,

- " Farewell, ye sad scenes of my love,
 " I shall never revisit you more !
" Adieu to the mead an' h e grove,
 " 'Twas here I first learn'd to adore !
" I will banish this wretch from her sight,
 " I know not what fate may ensue,
" Never more can I taste of delight,
 " To every enjoyment adieu."

PART THE SECOND.

WITH a torrent of heart-bursting grief

Alexis continues his moan,
Tears gave him some little relief,
Yet he ceas'd not to sigh and to groan.
Pastora by chance hasten'd by,
She saw the poor shepherd's despair,
Soft pity appear'd in her eye,
She ask'd him the source of his care.

- " What cause has Alexis to weep ?"
 With looks of compassion, she said ;
" Have you lost e'er a lamb or a sheep ?
 " Or is Tray the poor favourite dead ?
" Or, perhaps, your fair Daphne's unkind,
 " Perhaps for her coyness you grieve,
" Ah ! 'tis jealousy poisons your mind !
 " But appearances often deceive."

The

The shepherd just rais'd up his head,
 He thank'd the kind maid for her care,
 He confess'd that all comfort was fled,
 And nothing was left but despair.
 Pastora e'en wept at the tale,
 And wish'd she could ease his distress,
 Could her interest with Daphne prevail,
 His suffering should soon find redress.

He gaz'd on the fair with surprize,
 And admir'd the good-nature she shew'd,
 When she went he withdrew not his eyes,
 But with pleasure her footsteps pursu'd.
 Her sweetness, her beauty, and truth,
 With Daphne's late falshood compar'd,
 So charm'd, so astonish'd the youth,
 That his heart for a change was prepar'd.

Yet still his fond wish would arise,
 " Ah ! was but my Daphne thus kind !
 " I would wipe off these tears from my eyes,
 " And give up my sighs to the wind !"
 He said, and arose from the ground,
 Then instant return'd to his cot,
 Soon in sleep every suffering was drown'd,
 And Daphne's unkindness forgot.

With the sun the next morn he arose,
 Pastora he sought in the grove,
 He repeated the tale of his woes,
 And mourn'd the sad fate of his love !
 Pastora heard every complaint ;
 Again he imparted his grief,
 He talk'd without fear or constraint,
 And found from her converse, relief.

The friendship he felt for the fair,
 Each meeting still serv'd to improve ;
 He then blest his late cause of despair,
 And became a true votary to Love.
 'Twas no longer for beauty he sigh'd,
 He no longer to merit was blind,
 'Twas his joy, and a laudable pride,
 That he valu'd the charms of the mind.

Pastora with blushes confest,
 That she felt all the force of true love ;
 But that reason her passion suppress,
 Yet that now she must own and approve.
 She soon gave her hand to the swain,
 Who proclaim'd to each shepherd this truth,
 He had met a reward for his pain,
 More lasting than beauty and youth.

When Spring decks with verdure the mead,
 Love wafts milder fragrance around ;
 When Summer invites to the shade,
 Love strews with fresh flowrets the ground.
 In Autumn thro' corn-fields they rove,
 And their loves as in Spring-time appear,
 Tho' Winter disrobes the known grove,
 Yet their love varies not with the year.

Ye Nymphs, to this maxim attend,
 Tho' beauty awhile may allure,
 Yet to fix in the lover the friend,
 'Tis virtue alone is secure !

Ye Swains, who are caught by a face,
 Know, that beauty will quickly decay ;
 That virtue still heightens each grace,
 And imparts more than Time steals away !

SONNET



SONNET TO A ROBIN-RED-BREAST.

BY MISS M—O.

DE A R, social bird, that oft with fearless love
 Giv'st thy soft form to man's protective care,
 Pleas'd, when rude tempests vex the ruffled air,
 For the warm roof to leave the naked grove.

Kindest, and last of Summer's tuneful train,
 Ah ! do not yet give o'er thy plaintive lay,
 But charm mild Zephyr to a longer stay,
 And oft renew thy sweetly-parting strain.

So when rough Winter frowns with brow severe,
 And chilling blasts shall strip the sheltering trees ;
 When meagre Want that shivering frame shall seize,
 And Death, with dart uplifted, hover near ;
 My grateful hand the liberal crumbs shall give,
 My bosom warm thee, and my kiss revive.

T 2

O D E



O D E T O C O N T E N T.

BY J ——— C ———.

CONTENT ! who oft art wont to dwell
Deep in the solitary dell,
Near shady wood, or limpid rill,
Or on the side of some hoar hill ;
Attendant on the shepherd swain,
Thou cheer'st his labours on the plain.
With thee, he pleas'd pursues his toils,
Nor heeds fierce suns, nor stubborn soils.

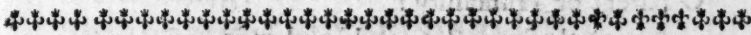
Thee oft I met in Hertford's vale,
What time the tuneful nightingale
Recited sweet her solemn song
The beeches and the oaks among :
Upon the banks of Lee reclin'd,
Thy visits sooth'd my pensive mind,
And drove corroding pain away,
And made the rural landscape gay.

How verdant then appear'd the trees !
How grateful was the western breeze !

How

How sweet the scent of opening flowers!
How fair the hedges and the bowers!
How bright the sun's enlivening beam!
How soft the murmurs of the stream!

Adieu, lov'd vale ! adieu, smooth stream !
Yet still, CONTENT ! be thou my theme :
'Tis thee, sweet maid ! I wooe again,
Attend thy constant lover's strain ;
Where-e'er 'tis his the lot to stray,
O deign with him to take thy way !



ODE TO SOLITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

HA I L, silent matron ! ever hail !
Thou lover of the wood or vale !
When musing near yon aged tree,
The votive song has flow'd to thee ;
Nor thou despise my numbers rude,
Serious, cælestial SOLITUDE.

Oft in the still retired dell,
Thou hear'st the solemn funeral bell ;
Or where the Ascetic's cottage stands,
'Midst cheerless wastes and arid lands ;

Oft in the forest's umbrage deep,
 Thou yet art seen to sit and weep ;
 For frequent falls thy tender tear
 O'er Youth's cold grave, or Beauty's bier.

Teach me that Life's momentary day,
 However various, or how gay,
 Is tranſient as the odorous flower,
 That blooms and withers in an hour ;
 Teach me to aid the ſuppliant poor,
 Nor turn the pilgrim from my door ;
 For others woes ſtill prompt the ſigh,
 O parent of Humanity !

Accept theſe numbers wild and rude,
 Cæleſtial matron ! SOLITUDE !

O D E T O H E A L T H.

BY THE SAME.

NYMPH! that ſtands the crowded ſtreet,
 And the proud lord's pompous feat ;
 Now a Naiad of the wood,
 Now a Dryad of the flood ;
 Ever blythe, and young, and gay,
 HEALTH, accept the unpoliſh'd lay.

Not

Not the shade of spreading trees,
 Nor the cooling, fragrant breeze,
 Nor the lov'd approach of morn,
 Nor the walk through waving corn,
 Nor the blackbird's serenade,
 Echoing from the distant shade,
 Nor the gifts of Summer's hand,
 Flowrets fair, or odours bland ;
 Or each cheerful, rural sight
 Yield or pleasure or delight
 To the wretch that sighs for thee,
 Sighs for Health and Liberty !

Nor disdain, all-lovely Fair !
 Thy ever-fervent suppliant's prayer !
 From some distant region haste,
 Norway's hills, or Russia's waste ;
 From Montpelier's vineyards wide,
 Or from Tajo's sunny side,
 Or Bermuda's western isle,
 Where eternal summers smile ;
 'Midst our country deign to stray,
 Come, and make our Britain gay.



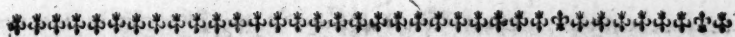
EPITAPH ON A SCHOOLFELLOW.

BY THE SAME.

LOV'D BANKS, for thee I heave the frequent sigh,
For thee the solemn tear bedews mine eye ;
No more thy converse blythe shall cheer my day,
Or chase the gloom of anxious thought away.

And art thou, dear associate ! art thou gone ?
Long must thy friend his sudden loss bemoan ;
O'er the cold turf where thy pale reliques sleep,
Shall fond Remembrance oft repair to weep.

SONNET



S O N N E T.

BY THE SAME.

OCCASIONED BY LEAVING B—R—N, JULY 1755. THE
AUTHOR TELLING THE LADIES "HE LOOKED UPON HIM-
SELF IN A WORSE SITUATION THAN ADAM BANISH'D PA-
RADISE," WAS ENJOINED BY THEM TO EXPRESS THE
SAME IN RHIME.

W H E N our first Father thro' the dreary waste
From Eden's plains an exile sad must go,
Oft he recall'd each scene of pleasure past,
Felt the dire change, and bade his sorrows flow.

Yet still a sweet companion of his woe
With soft, assiduous care attended near;
Fond to relieve, and resolute to show
The soothing smile, or sympathizing tear.

Far happier doom, alas ! attends me here,
Who leave of Nymphs so fair a train behind,
Nor one is found the tedious way to cheer,
Or raise with converse sweet the drooping mind :
Then tell me, fair ones, can I chuse but grieve,
Who quit my Paradise without an EVE ?

O D E.

O D E.

TH E charms which blooming Beauty shows
 From faces heavenly fair,
 W to the lily and the rose
 With semblance apt compare :

With semblance apt ; for ah ! how soon,
 How soon they all decay !
 The lily droops, the rose is gone,
 And beauty fades away.

But when bright Virtue shines confes'd,
 With sweet Discretion join'd ;
 When Mildness calms the peaceful breast,
 And Wisdom guides the mind ;

When charms like these, dear Maid, conspire
 Thy person to approve,
 They kindle generous, chaste desire,
 And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of Time or Fate,
 These graces shall endure,
 Still like the passion they create,
 Eternal, constant, pure.

SONNET

SONNET ON ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.

BY J ——— S ———.

BOAST not your state, slaves of despotic sway,
Where wanton Gallia, 'midst her vine-clad hills,
Her olive bowers, her myrtle-shaded rills,
Her mild air's fan, her genial sun's survey:

Nor ye, where Asia like a queen sits gay,
'Midst her rich groves where odorous balm distils,
And the charm'd eye th' Elysian landscape fills,
And hand in hand young Spring and Autumn play:

Each boon to you your haughty lords deny,
And at their will your frail lives you resign:
Behold, and 'midst your flowery scenes repine!
Under bleak Albion's cloud-envelop'd sky,
Her meanest sons secure enjoy their own,
And bow to Heaven and Liberty alone.

INSCRIP.

+++++

INSCRIPTION FOR A ROOT-HOUSE.

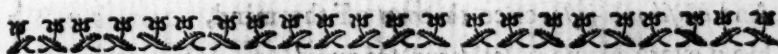
FOND man ! retire to this still cell,
 And bid the busy world farewell ;
 Here seek the cherub Happiness,
 Who loves the quiet lone recess,
 And shuns the city's noisy scene,
 For pleasures tranquil and serene.

How solemn is the oak's broad shade,
 The naked grove seen thro' the glade,
 The rock that high projects its steep,
 The distant prospect of the deep !

Fond man ! here cheerful may'st thou spend
 Thy swift-wing'd life, nor fear thy end ;
 Stealing thro' life, as thro' the plain
 Yon rill in murmurs seeks the main.

Here, when the saffron-vested dawn
 Spreads radiance o'er the dewy lawn,
 For hours exempt from woe and sin,
 Thy ardent orison begin ;
 Here too at eve His praise display,
 Who led thee thro' the finish'd day.

PROLOGUE.



P R O L O G U E.

BY A. MURPHY, ESQ.

AS a young bird, as yet unus'd to fly
 On wings expanded thro' the liquid sky,
 With doubt and fear his first excursions tries,
 And shivers every feather with surprise;
 So various flutterings in our bosoms play,
 Eager yet anxious for our first essay.

New to the world, its vanity and care,
 And all the ills to which the flesh is heir;
 Two mischiefs, we are told, ordain'd by Fate,
 Twin at our birth, and all our footsteps wait;
 Some by fierce Passion headlong down are thrown,
 And Ridicule marks others for her own.

To steer thro' both by some unerring rule,
 This day we study in the Muse's school.
 To shun the first, we look in Shakespeare's page,
 And **THERE** observe how the fell Passions rage;

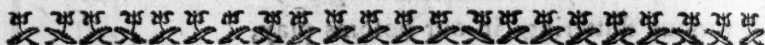
* This Prologue and Epilogue were spoken by two young Gentlemen who performed some scenes from Shakespeare, Moliere, Zenobia, and the Mayor of Garratt, before the earl of Chesterfield, their particular friend and patron, and a private party of other noble and illustrious friends.

THERE

THERE mark the bounds of good and ill defin'd,
And *Wisdom's jesses* once thrown off the mind,
How every virtue is *let down the wind*.

Should we avoid on this dread rock to split,
Then—free from folly, the true point to hit,
Moliere instructs us with his comic wit.
He of right manners doth the rule dispense,
The law-giver of decency and sense!

This is our plan, our growing minds to rear;
Your kind applause will bid us persevere.



E P I L O G U E.

BY D. GARRICK, ESQ.

WHATEVER you think, good sirs, in this agree,
That we, at least, have given—*variety*!
That we have posited on, in prose and verse,
Thro' *Tragedy*,—and *Comedy*,—and *Farce*.
Have you not had in me a strange farrago,
Of *Rhadamistus*, *Sturgeon*, and *Iago*?
Nay, we have run from *English* to the *French*,
And the great-boy became a simple wench!
Nature a simple wench much better teaches
To act our characters, and wear the breeches.

But,

But, why this motley mixture? — 'Tis the fashion;
 The times are medley,—medley all the nation.
 One day reigns *Tragedy*,—all gloom and sorrow;
 Then, shift the scenes—and enter *Farce* to-morrow.
 Now rise six thousand discontented sailors!
 Then comes the *Farce*,—up get as many taylor's!
 These *kings of shreds and patches* touch'd in brain,
 Strut for a day, and then—cross-legg'd again.

Our Goddess, *Liberty*, from whom we own
 Each blessing springs—for *GEORGE* is on the throne,
 Now, *Magna Charta* and a *William* gives,
 Then scours the streets, and with the rabble lives;
 Will drink, huzza, and rouse you from your beds,
 Break all your windows, and perhaps your heads:
 Here taste, opinions, passions never fix,
 But rise and fall like stocks—and politicks.

That we should *ask* you to our medley treat,
 And *GET* you too—was, faith! no boyish feat.
 Are we not hopeful youths?—Deal fair, and tell us—
 And likely to turn out good sprightly fellows?
 I mean to have that kind of useful spirit,
 Which *modestly assures us* we have merit.
 We little folks, like great ones, are but show,
Bold face oft hides what the faint heart doth know.
 Think ye, we were not in a grievous fright,
 To have our *noble Patron* in our sight,
 Who knows—is known so well to *speak* and *write*!
 We pray'd, before our awful judge appearing,
 That our weak pipes were not within his hearing;

One

One sense of his, less keen than all the rest,
 Somewhat becalm'd the flutter of my breast ;
 It gave some courage to our troubled thoughts,
 That *seeing only* mark'd but half our faults.

“ 'Tis an ill wind, they say, that blows no good,”
 And well the proverb now is understood ;
 For what has long been mourn'd by all the nation,
 Is at this time *our* only consolation.

O N L A U R A ' s G R A V E .

BENEATH yon flowery turf, the fairest head,
 E'er slept on Earth's cold bosom, lies asleep.
 O Earth ! enwrap her soft ; and o'er her dust
 Let every Grace and every Virtue weep.

The Morn, as o'er the misty plain she treads,
 Shall sprinkle on the sod her pearly tears,
 And o'er her grave shall Eve delight to muse,
 While airy dirges sooth her listening ears.

Oft the blue nightly taper's studious flame
 Shall weeping Fancy leave, and thro' the gloom
 Steal a sad visitant to pour her plaints,
 And bend her pensive head o'er LAURA's tomb.

Here

Here shall she see, the same due rites to pay;
 With silent pace, in sable weeds array'd,
 Eye-streaming Sorrow, and deep-sighing Love,
 With trailing torch, advance along the shade.

The Muses come, and scatter wreaths around,
 Weav'd by the fingers of the infant Year;
 Remembrance comes, and hence departing loth,
 Oft turns the wishful look, and drops a tear.



S O N N E T.

TO A LADY OF INDISCREET VIRTUE.

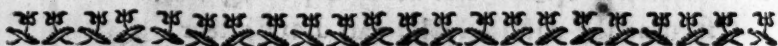
IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY T ——— P ———.

WHILE you, fair ANNA, innocently gay,
 And free and open, all reserve disdain;
 Where-ever Fancy leads securely stray,
 And conscious of no ill can fear no stain;

Let calm Discretion guide with steady rein,
 Let early Caution twitch your gentle ear;
 She'll tell you Censure lays her wily train,
 To blast those beauties which too bright appear.

Ah me ! I see the monster lurking near,
 I know her haggard eye, and poisonous tongue,
 She scans your actions with malicious leer,
 Eager to wrest and represent them wrong ;
 Yet shall your conduct, circumspect and clear,
 Nor baleful touch, nor fangs envenom'd fear.



THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION:

A S O N G.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOB.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That valleys, groves, or hill, or field,
 Or wood, or steepy mountain yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown

A gown, made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.



THE NYMPH'S ANSWER.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers that bloom in wanton field
 To wayward Winter reckoning yield ;
 A honey-tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
 All these in me no mind can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
 Of better meat than's fit for men?
 These are but vain; that's only good
 Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could Youth last, and Love still breed,
 Had Joy no date, and Age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.



A P O E M.

BY THE SAME.

SHALL I, like an hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day?
 If she undervalues me,
 What care I how fair she be?

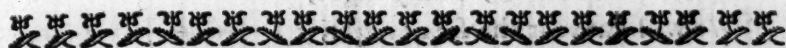
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Were

Were her tresses angel gold ;
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a brayde,
 And, with little more a-do,
 Work them into bracelets too ;
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hands as rich a prize
 As her hairs, or precious eyes ;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good-manners sake ;
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip ;
 If she seem not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste she be ?

No ; she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire by burning too ;
 But when she by change hath got
 To her heart a second lot ;
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be,



IN I M I T A T I O N O F M A R L O E.

C O M E live with me, and be my dear,
 And we will revel all the year,
 In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
 Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.
 There shall you have the beauteous pine,
 The cedar, and the spreading vine,
 And all the woods to be a screen,
 Lest Phœbus kifs my summer's green.
 The seat of your disport shall be
 Over some river in a tree,
 Where silver sands and pebbles sing
 Eternal ditties to the spring.
 There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
 And how the Satyrs spend the day ;
 The fishes gliding on the sands,
 Offering their bellies to your hands.
 The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,
 Possess wood's echo with sweet notes,
 Which to your senses will impart
 A music to enflame the heart.
 Upon the bare and leafless oak,
 The ring-dove's wooings will provoke
 A colder blood than you possess
 To play with me, and do no less.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night,
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.
Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with more majesty.
Then in my arms will I enclose
Lilies fair mixture with the rose ;
Whose nice perfections in Love's play
Shall tune me to the highest key.
Thus as we pass the welcome night,
In sportful pleasure and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the ground,
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds,
If these may serve for to entice
Your presence to Love's Paradise,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will strait begin the year.

MORNING;



M O R N I N G.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock)
And proclaims the morning nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village-spire.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale;
And the new-wak'd kidlings crop
Daifies round the dewy vale.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to greet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From

From the clay-built cottage-ridge,
See the chattering swallow spring !
Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Lo the busy bees employ'd !
Restless till their task be done !
Now from sweet to sweet, uncloy'd,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
See the silver stream distill !
Sweet refreshment for the flock,
When 'tis sun-drove from the hill !

Ploughmen, for the promis'd corn
Ripening o'er the banks of Tweed,
Anxious hear the huntsman's horn,
Softened by the shepherd's reed.

Sweet, oh sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray ;
All is music, mirth, and song,
At the jocund dawn of day.

NOON



N O O N.

BY THE SAME.

F E R V I D now the sun-beam glows,
Drinking deep the morning gem ;
Not a dew-drop's left the rose,
To refresh her parent stem.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

See, the flocks forsake the glade,
Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle

Cattle court the breezes bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.

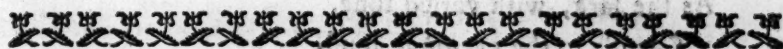
But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a fluttering Zephyr springs ;
 Fearful lest the piercing beam
 Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir ;
 Nature's lull'd, serene and still ;
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh descending shower
 Kindly cools the thirsty ground,
 And revives each fainting flower.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green,
 Now the warbler's throat's in tune ;
 Blithsome is the vernal scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

EVENING.



E V E N I N G.

BY THE SAME.

AS the plodding ploughman goes
Homeward, (to the hamlet bound)
Giant-like his shadow grows,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

O'er the mead the bullock strays
Free—the furrow'd task is done;
And the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting Sun.

Mark him, from behind the hill,
Strike the purple-painted sky;
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Where the rising forest spreads
Round the time-decaying dome,
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with varied tune,
 Carrols to the evening, loud,
 Mark the mild resplendent moon
 Breaking thro' a parted cloud !

Now the hermit howlet peeps
 From the barn, or twisted brake,
 And the curling vapour creeps
 O'er the lily-border'd lake :

As the trout, in speckled pride,
 Playful, from its bosom springs,
 To the banks a ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings.

Tripping thro' the filken grafs,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 See, the rose-complexion'd lass
 With the well-pois'd milking-pail !

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
 And the cuckoo bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.

O N M A Y.

WRITTEN IN APRIL MDCCLXI.

BY THE SAME.

TH E virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows ;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above ;
We shepherds, that live on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of Love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the pine ;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine ;
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide,
For May is the mother of Love.

May

May tinges the butterfly's wing ;

He flutters in bridal array :

If the larks and the linnets now sing,

Their music is taught them by May.

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,

Conceals her fond blifs in the grove ;

And murmuring seems to repeat,

That May is the mother of Love.

The goddess will visit you soon ;

Ye virgins, be sportive and gay ;

Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds, in tune,

For music must welcome the May.

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,

And all his keen anguish remove,

Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,

That May is the mother of Love.

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